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Waterloo Church

The Poet's Pilgrimage

to

Waterloo:

865

BY

ROBERT SOUTHEY, Esq.

POET LAUREATE,

MEMBER OF THE ROYAL SPANISH ACADEMY, AND OF THE ROYAL SPANISH ACADEMY OF HISTORY.

Εὐανθεα δ' ἀναβάσομαι
Στόλον ἀμφ' ἀρετᾷ
Κελαδέων.

PINDAR. PYTH. 2.

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865

TO

JOHN MAY,

AFTER A FRIENDSHIP OF TWENTY YEARS,

THIS POEM IS INSCRIBED,

IN TESTIMONY OF THE HIGHEST ESTEEM AND AFFECTION,

BY

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

ARGUMENT.

The first part of this Poem describes a journey to the scene of war. The second is in an allegorical form; it exposes the gross material philosophy which has been the guiding principle of the French politicians, from Mirabeau to Buonaparte; and it states the opinions of those persons who lament the restoration of the Bourbons, because the hopes which they entertained from the French Revolution have not been realized; and of those who see only evil, or blind chance, in the course of human events.

To the Christian philosopher all things are consistent and clear. Our first parents brought with them the light of natural religion and the moral law; as men departed from these, they tended toward barbarous and savage life; large portions of the world are in this degenerated state; still, upon the great scale, the human race, from the beginning, has been progressive. But the direct object of Buonaparte was to establish a military despotism wherever his power extended; and the immediate and inevitable consequence of such a system is to brutalize and degrade mankind. The contest in which this country was engaged against that Tyrant, was a struggle between good and evil prin-

ciples, and never was there a victory so important to the best hopes of human nature as that which was won by British valour at Waterloo, .. its effects extending over the whole civilized world, and involving the vital interests of all mankind.

That victory leaves England in security and peace. In no age and in no country has man ever existed under circumstances so favourable to the full developement of his moral and intellectual faculties, as in England at this time. The peace which she has won by the battle of Waterloo, leaves her at leisure to pursue the great objects and duties of bettering her own condition, and diffusing the blessings of civilization and Christianity.

The Poet's Pilgrimage.

PROEM.

The Poet's Pilgrimage.

PROEM.

I.

Once more I see thee, Skiddaw! once again
  Behold thee in thy majesty serene,
Where like the bulwark of this favoured plain,
  Alone thou standest, monarch of the scene...
Thou glorious Mountain, on whose ample breast
The sunbeams love to play, the vapours love to rest!

II.

Once more, O Derwent, to thy aweful shores
I come, insatiate of the accustomed sight;
And listening as the eternal torrent roars,
Drink in with eye and ear a fresh delight:
For I have wandered far by land and sea,
In all my wanderings still remembering thee.

III.

Twelve years, (how large a part of man's brief day!)
Nor idly, nor ingloriously spent,
Of evil and of good have held their way,
Since first upon thy banks I pitched my tent.
Hither I came in manhood's active prime,
And here my head hath felt the touch of time.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL

IV.

Heaven hath with goodly increase blest me here,
  Where childless and opprest with grief I came;
With voice of fervent thankfulness sincere
  Let me the blessings which are mine proclaim:
Here I possess, .. what more should I require?
Books, children, leisure, .. all my heart's desire.

V.

O joyful hour, when to our longing home
  The long-expected wheels at length drew nigh!
When the first sound went forth, "they come! they come!"
  And hope's impatience quickened every eye!
"Never had man whom Heaven would heap with bliss
More glad return, more happy hour than this."

VI.

Aloft on yonder bench, with arms dispread,
My boy stood, shouting there his father's name,
Waving his hat around his happy head;
And there, a younger group, his sisters came:
Smiling they stood with looks of pleased surprize,
While tears of joy were seen in elder eyes.

VII.

Soon each and all came crouding round to share
The cordial greeting, the belovëd sight;
What welcomings of hand and lip were there!
And when those overflowings of delight
Subsided to a sense of quiet bliss,
Life hath no purer deeper happiness.

VIII.

The young companion of our weary way
  Found here the end desired of all her ills;
She who in sickness pining many a day
  Hungered and thirsted for her native hills,
Forgetful now of sufferings past and pain,
Rejoiced to see her own dear home again.

IX.

Recovered now, the homesick mountaineer
  Sate by the playmate of her infancy,
Her twin-like comrade, .. rendered doubly dear
  For that long absence: full of life was she,
With voluble discourse and eager mien
Telling of all the wonders she had seen.

X.

Here silently between her parents stood
My dark-eyed Bertha, timid as a dove;
And gently oft from time to time she wooed
Pressure of hand, or word, or look of love,
With impulse shy of bashful tenderness,
Soliciting again the wished caress.

XI.

The younger twain in wonder lost were they,
My gentle Kate, and my sweet Isabel:
Long of our promised coming, day by day
It had been their delight to hear and tell;
And now when that long-promised hour was come,
Surprize and wakening memory held them dumb.

XII.

For in the infant mind, as in the old,
  When to its second childhood life declines,
A dim and troubled power doth Memory hold:
  But soon the light of young Remembrance shines
Renewed, and influences of dormant love
Wakened within, with quickening influence move.

XIII.

O happy season theirs, when absence brings
  Small feeling of privation, none of pain,
Yet at the present object love re-springs,
  As night-closed flowers at morn expand again!
Nor deem our second infancy unblest,
When gradually composed we sink to rest.

XIV.

Soon they grew blithe as they were wont to be;
Her old endearments each began to seek:
And Isabel drew near to climb my knee,
And pat with fondling hand her father's cheek;
With voice and touch and look reviving thus
The feelings which had slept in long disuse.

XV.

But there stood one whose heart could entertain
And comprehend the fullness of the joy;
The father, teacher, playmate, was again
Come to his only and his studious boy:
And he beheld again that mother's eye,
Which with such ceaseless care had watched his infancy.

XVI.

Bring forth the treasures now,..a proud display,..
For rich as Eastern merchants we return!
Behold the black Beguine, the Sister grey,
The Friars whose heads with sober motion turn,
The Ark well-filled with all its numerous hives,
Noah and Shem and Ham and Japhet, and their wives.

XVII.

The tumbler, loose of limb; the wrestlers twain;
And many a toy beside of quaint device,
Which, when his fleecy troops no more can gain
Their pasture on the mountains hoar with ice,
The German shepherd carves with curious knife,
Earning in easy toil the food of frugal life.

XVIII.

It was a group which Richter, had he viewed,
 Might have deemed worthy of his perfect skill;
The keen impatience of the younger brood,
 Their eager eyes and fingers never still;
The hope, the wonder, and the restless joy
Of those glad girls, and that vociferous boy!

XIX.

The aged friend serene with quiet smile,
 Who in their pleasure finds her own delight;
The mother's heart-felt happiness the while;
 The aunts, rejoicing in the joyful sight;
And he who in his gaiety of heart,
With glib and noisy tongue performed the showman's part.

XX.

Scoff ye who will! but let me, gracious Heaven,
Preserve this boyish heart till life's last day!
For so that inward light by Nature given
Shall still direct, and cheer me on my way,
And brightening as the shades of age descend,
Shine forth with heavenly radiance at the end.

XXI.

This was the morning light vouchsafed, which led
My favoured footsteps to tbe Muses' hill,
Whose arduous paths I have not ceased to tread,
From good to better persevering still;
And if but self-approved, to praise or blame
Indifferent, while I toil for lasting fame.

XXII.

And O ye Nymphs of Castaly divine!
  Whom I have dutifully served so long,
Benignant to your votary now incline,
  That I may win your ear with gentle song,
Such as, I ween, is ne'er disowned by you, . .
A low prelusive strain, to nature true.

XXIII.

But when I reach at themes of loftier thought,
  And tell of things surpassing earthly sense,
(Which by yourselves, O Muses, I am taught,)
  Then aid me with your fuller influence,
And to the height of that great argument,
Support my spirit in her strong ascent!

XXIV.

So may I boldly round my temples bind
The laurel which my master Spenser wore ;
And free in spirit as the mountain wind
That makes my symphony in this lone hour,
No perishable song of triumph raise,
But sing in worthy strains my Country's praise.

The Poet's Pilgrimage.

PART THE FIRST.

THE JOURNEY.

Τῶν πολυκτόνων γὰρ
'Ουκ 'ασκοποι Θεοὶ.

ÆSCHYLUS.

The Poet's Pilgrimage.

PART THE FIRST.

I.

FLANDERS.

I.

OUR world hath seen the work of war's debate
  Consummated in one momentous day
Twice in the course of time; and twice the fate
  Of unborn ages hung upon the fray:
First at Platæa, in that aweful hour
When Greece united smote the Persian's power.

II.

For had the Persian triumphed, then the spring
Of knowledge from that living source had ceast;
All would have fallen before the barbarous King,
Art, Science, Freedom; the despotic East,
Setting her mark upon the race subdued,
Had stamped them in the mould of sensual servitude.

III.

The second day was that when Martel broke
The Musslemen, delivering France opprest,
And in one mighty conflict, from the yoke
Of misbelieving Mecca saved the West;
Else had the Impostor's law destroyed the ties
Of public weal and private charities.

IV.

Such was the danger when that Man of Blood
  Burst from the iron Isle, and brought again,
Like Satan rising from the sulphurous flood,
  His impious legions to the battle plain:
Such too was our deliverance when the field
Of Waterloo beheld his fortunes yield.

V.

I, who with faith unshaken from the first,
  Even when the Tyrant seemed to touch the skies,
Had looked to see the high-blown bubble burst,
  And for a fall conspicuous as his rise,
Even in that faith had looked not for defeat
So swift, so overwhelming, so compleat.

VI.

Me most of all men it behoved to raise
  The strain of triumph for this foe subdued,
To give a voice to joy, and in my lays
  Exalt a nation's hymn of gratitude,
And blazon forth in song that day's renown, . .
For I was graced with England's laurel crown.

VII.

But as I once had journeyed to behold
  Far off, Ourique's consecrated field,
Where Portugal the faithful and the bold
  Assumed the symbols of her sacred shield,
More reason now that I should bend my way
The field of British glory to survey.

VIII.

So forth I set upon this pilgrimage,
And took the partner of my life with me,
And one dear girl, just ripe enough of age
Retentively to see what I should see;
That thus with mutual recollections fraught,
We might bring home a store for after-thought.

IX.

We left our pleasant Land of Lakes, and went
Throughout whole England's length, a weary way,
Even to the farthest shores of eastern Kent:
Embarking there upon an autumn day,
Toward Ostend we held our course all night,
And anchored by its quay at morning's earliest light.

X.

Small vestige there of that old siege appears,
And little of remembrance would be found,
When for the space of three long painful years
The persevering Spaniard girt it round,
And gallant youths of many a realm from far
Went students to that busy school of war.

XI.

Yet still those wars of obstinate defence
Their lessons offer to the soldier's hand;
Large knowledge may the statesman draw from thence:
And still from underneath the drifted sand,
Sometimes the storm, or passing foot lays bare
Part of the harvest Death has gathered there.

XII.

Peace be within thy walls, thou famous town,
For thy brave bearing in those times of old;
May plenty thy industrious children crown,
And prosperous merchants day by day behold
Many a rich vessel from the injurious sea,
Enter the bosom of thy quiet quay.

XIII.

Embarking there, we glided on between
Strait banks raised high above the level land,
With many a cheerful dwelling white and green
In goodly neighbourhood on either hand.
Huge-timbered bridges o'er the passage lay,
Which wheeled aside and gave us easy way.

XIV.

Four horses, aided by the favouring breeze,
Drew our gay vessel, slow and sleek and large;
Crack goes the whip, the steersman at his ease
Directs the way, and steady went the barge.
Ere evening closed to Bruges thus we came,..
Fair city, worthy of her ancient fame.

XV.

The season of her splendour is gone by,
Yet every where its monuments remain;
Temples which rear their stately heads on high,
Canals that intersect the fertile plain,
Wide streets and squares, with many a court and hall
Spacious and undefaced, but ancient all.

XVI.

Time hath not wronged her, nor hath Ruin sought
Rudely her splendid structures to destroy,
Save in those recent days with evil fraught,
When Mutability, in drunken joy
Triumphant, and from all restraint released,
Let loose the fierce and many-headed beast.

XVII.

But for the scars in that unhappy rage
Inflicted, firm she stands and undecayed;
Like our first sires', a beautiful old age
Is hers, in venerable years arrayed;
And yet to her benignant stars may bring,
What fate denies to man, . . a second spring.

XVIII.

When I may read of tilts in days of old,
And tourneys graced by chieftains of renown,
Fair dames, grave citizens, and warriors bold,
If Fancy would pourtray some stately town,
Which for such pomp fit theatre should be,
Fair Bruges, I shall then remember thee.

XIX.

Nor did thy landscape yield me less delight,
Seen from the deck as slow it glided by,
Or when beneath us, from thy Belfroy's height,
Its boundless circle met the bending sky;
The waters smooth and straight, thy proper boast,
And lines of road-side trees in long perspective lost.

XX.

No happier landscape may on earth be seen,
Rich gardens all around and fruitful groves,
White dwellings trim relieved with lively green,
The pollard that the Flemish painter loves,
With aspins tall and poplars fair to view,
Casting o'er all the land a grey and willowy hue.

XXI.

My lot hath lain in scenes sublime and rude,
Where still devoutly I have served and sought
The Power divine which dwells in solitude.
In boyhood was I wont, with rapture fraught,
Amid those rocks and woods to wander free,
Where Avon hastens to the Severn sea.

XXII.

In Cintra also have I dwelt erewhile,
That earthly Eden, and have seen at eve
The sea-mists, gathering round its mountain pile,
Whelm with their billows all below, but leave
One pinnacle sole-seen, whereon it stood
Like the Ark on Ararat, above the flood.

XXIII.

And now am I a Cumbrian mountaineer;
Their wintry garment of unsullied snow
The mountains have put on, the heavens are clear,
And yon dark lake spreads silently below;
Who sees them only in their summer hour
Sees but their beauties half, and knows not half their power.

XXIV.

Yet hath the Flemish scene a charm for me
  That soothes and wins upon the willing heart;
Though all is level as the sleeping sea,
  A natural beauty springs from perfect art,
And something more than pleasure fills the breast,
To see how well-directed toil is blest.

XXV.

Two nights have past; the morning opens well,
  Fair are the aspects of the opening sky;
Soon yon sweet chimes the appointed hour will tell,
  For here to music Time moves merrily:
Aboard! aboard! no more must we delay,..
Farewell, good people of the *Fleur de Bled!*

XXVI.

Beside the busy wharf the Trekschuit rides,
With painted plumes and tent-like awning gay;
Carts, barrows, coaches, hurry from all sides,
And passengers and porters throng the way,
Contending all at once in clamorous speech,
French, Flemish, English, each confusing each.

XXVII.

All disregardant of the Babel sound,
A swan kept oaring near with upraised eye, . .
A beauteous pensioner, who daily found
The bounty of such casual company;
Nor did she leave us till the bell was rung,
And slowly we our watry way begun.

XXVIII.

Europe can boast no richer, goodlier scene,
 Than that thro' which our pleasant passage lay,
By fertile fields and fruitful gardens green,
 The journey of a short autumnal day;
Sleek well-fed steeds our steady vessel drew,
The heavens were fair, and Mirth was of our crew.

XXIX.

Along the smooth canal's unbending line,
 Beguiling time with light discourse, we went,
Nor wanting savoury food nor generous wine.
 Ashore too there was feast and merriment;
The jovial peasants at some village fair
Were dancing, drinking, smoking, gambling there.

XXX.

Of these, or of the ancient towers of Ghent
  Renowned, I must not tarry now to tell;
Of picture, or of church, or monument;
  Nor how we mounted to that ponderous bell,
The Belfroy's boast, which bears old Roland's name,
Nor yields to Oxford Tom, or Tom of Lincoln's fame.

XXXI.

Nor of that sisterhood whom to their rule
  Of holy life no hasty vows restrain,
Who, meek disciples of the Christian school,
  Watch by the bed of sickness and of pain:
Oh what a strength divine doth Faith impart
To inborn goodness in the female heart!

XXXII.

A gentle party from the shores of Kent
  Thus far had been our comrades as befell;
Fortune had linked us first, and now Consent, . .
  For why should Choice divide whom Chance so well
Had joined, seeing they to view the famous ground,
Like us, were to the Field of Battle bound.

XXXIII.

Farther as yet they looked not than that quest, . .
  The land was all before them where to choose.
So we consorted here as seemed best;
  Who would such pleasant fellowship refuse
Of ladies fair and gentle comrades free? . .
Certes we were a joyous company.

XXXIV.

Yet lacked we not discourse for graver times,
  Such as might suit sage auditors, I ween;
For some among us, in far distant climes
  The cities and the ways of men had seen;
No unobservant travellers they, but well
Of what they there had learnt they knew to tell.

XXXV.

The one of frozen Moscovy could speak,
  And well his willing listeners entertain
With tales of that inclement region bleak,
  The pageantry and pomp of Catherine's reign,
And that proud city, which with wise intent
The mighty founder raised, his own great monument.

XXXVI.

And one had dwelt with Malabars and Moors,
Where fertile earth and genial heaven dispense
Profuse their bounty upon Indian shores;
Whate'er delights the eye, or charms the sense,
The vallies with perpetual fruitage blest,
The mountains with unfading foliage drest.

XXXVII.

He those barbaric palaces had seen,
The work of Eastern potentates of old;
And in the Temples of the Rock had been,
Awe-struck their dread recesses to behold;
A gifted hand was his, which by its skill
Could to the eye pourtray such wonderous scenes at will.

XXXVIII.

A third, who from the Land of Lakes with me
Went out upon this pleasant pilgrimage,
Had sojourned long beyond the Atlantic sea;
Adventurous was his spirit as his age,
For he in far Brazil, thro' wood and waste,
Had travelled many a day, and there his heart was placed.

XXXIX.

Wild region,.. happy if at night he found
The shelter of some rude Tapuya's shed;
Else would he take his lodgement on the ground,
Or from the tree suspend his hardy bed;
And sometimes starting at the jaguar's cries,
See thro' the murky night the prowler's fiery eyes.

XL.

And sometimes over thirsty deserts drear,
And sometimes over flooded plains he went;..
A joy it was his fire-side tales to hear,
And he a comrade to my heart's content:
For he of what I most desired could tell,
And loved the Portugals because he knew them well.

XLI.

Here to the easy barge we bade adieu;
Land travellers now along the well-paved way,
Where road-side trees still lengthening on the view,
Before us and behind unvarying lay:
Thro' lands well-laboured to Alost we came,
Where whilome treachery stained the English name.

XLII.

Then saw we Affligham, by ruin rent,
Whose venerable fragments strew the land;
Grown wise too late, the multitude lament
The ravage of their own unhappy hand;
Its records in their frenzy torn and tost,
Its precious stores of learning wrecked and lost.

XLIII.

Whatever else we saw was chearful all,
The signs of steady labour well repaid;
The grapes were ripe on every cottage wall,
And merry peasants seated in the shade
Of garner, or within the open door,
From gathered hop-vines plucked the plenteous store.

XLIV.

Thro' Assche for water and for cakes renowned
We past, pursuing still our way, tho' late;
And when the shades of night were closing round,
Brussels received us thro' her friendly gate, . .
Proud city, fated many a change to see,
And now the seat of new-made monarchy.

II.

BRUSSELS.

I.

WHERE might a gayer spectacle be found
  Than Brussels offered on that festive night,
Her squares and palaces irradiate round
  To welcome the imperial Moscovite,
Who now, the wrongs of Europe twice redressed,
Came there a welcome and a glorious guest?

II.

Her mile-long avenue with lamps was hung,
Innumerous, which diffused a light like day;
Where thro' the line of splendour, old and young
Paraded all in festival array;
While fiery barges, plying to and fro,
Illumined as they moved the liquid glass below.

III.

By day with hurrying crowds the streets were thronged,
To gain of this great Czar a passing sight;
And music, dance, and banquetings prolonged
The various work of pleasure thro' the night.
You might have deemed, to see that joyous town,
That wretchedness and pain were there unknown.

IV.

Yet three short months had scarcely passed away,
Since, shaken with the approaching battle's breath,
Her inmost chambers trembled with dismay;
And now within her walls, insatiate Death,
Devourer whom no harvest e'er can fill,
The gleanings of that field was gathering still.

V.

Within those walls there lingered at that hour
Many a brave soldier on the bed of pain,
Whom aid of human art should ne'er restore
To see his country and his friends again;
And many a victim of that fell debate
Whose life yet wavered in the scales of fate.

VI.

Some I beheld, for whom the doubtful scale
Had to the side of life inclined at length;
Emaciate was their form, their features pale,
The limbs so vigorous late, bereft of strength;
And for their gay habiliments of yore,
The habit of the House of Pain they wore.

VII.

Some in the courts of that great hospital,
That they might taste the sun and open air,
Crawled out; or sate beneath the southern wall;
Or leaning in the gate, stood gazing there
In listless guise upon the passers by,
Whiling away the hours of slow recovery.

VIII.

Others in waggons borne abroad I saw,
Albeit recovering, still a mournful sight:
Languid and helpless some were stretched on straw,
Some more advanced sustained themselves upright,
And with bold eye and careless front, methought,
Seemed to set wounds and death again at nought.

IX.

Well had it fared with these; nor went it ill
With those whom war had of a limb bereft,
Leaving the life untouched, that they had still
Enough for health as for existence left;
But some there were who lived to draw the breath
Of pain thro' hopeless years of lingering death.

X.

Here might the hideous face of war be seen,
  Stript of all pomp, adornment, and disguise;
It was a dismal spectacle, I ween,
  Such as might well to the beholders' eyes
Bring sudden tears, and make the pious mind
Grieve for the crimes and follies of mankind.

XI.

What had it been then in the recent days
  Of that great triumph, when the open wound
Was festering, and along the crowded ways,
  Hour after hour was heard the incessant sound
Of wheels, which o'er the rough and stony road
Conveyed their living agonizing load!

XII.

Hearts little to the melting mood inclined
Grew sick to see their sufferings; and the thought
Still comes with horror to the shuddering mind,
Of those sad days when Belgian ears were taught
The British soldier's cry, half groan, half prayer,
Breathed when his pain is more than he can bear.

XIII.

Brave spirits, nobly had their part been done!
Brussels could show, where Senne's slow waters glide,
The cannon which their matchless valour won,
Proud trophies of the field, ranged side by side,
Where as they stood in inoffensive row,
The solitary guard paced to and fro.

XIV.

Unconscious instruments of human woe,
Some for their mark the royal lilies bore,
Fixed there when Britain was the Bourbon's foe;
And some embossed in brazen letters wore
The sign of that abhorred misrule, which broke
The guilty nation for a Tyrant's yoke.

XV.

Others were stampt with that Usurper's name, . .
Recorders thus of many a change were they,
Their deadly work thro' every change the same;
Nor ever had they seen a bloodier day,
Than when as their late thunders rolled around,
Brabant in all her cities felt the sound.

XVI.

Then ceased their occupation. From the field
  Of battle here in triumph were they brought;
Ribbands and flowers and laurels half concealed
  Their brazen mouths, so late with ruin fraught;
Women beheld them pass with joyful eyes,
And children clapt their hands, and rent the air with cries.

XVII.

Now idly on the banks of Senne they lay,
  Like toys with which a child is pleased no more:
Only the British traveller bends his way
  To see them on that unfrequented shore,
And as a mournful feeling blends with pride,
Remembers those who fought, and those who died.

III.

THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

I.

SOUTHWARD from Brussels lies the field of blood,
Some three hours journey for a well-girt man;
A horseman who in haste pursued his road
Would reach it as the second hour began.
The way is thro' a forest deep and wide,
Extending many a mile on either side.

II.

No chearful woodland this of antic trees,
With thickets varied and with sunny glade;
Look where he will, the weary traveller sees
One gloomy, thick, impenetrable shade
Of tall straight trunks, which move before his sight,
With interchange of lines of long green light.

III.

Here, where the woods receding from the road
Have left on either hand an open space
For fields and gardens, and for man's abode,
Stands Waterloo; a little lowly place,
Obscure till now, when it hath risen to fame,
And given the victory its English name.

IV.

What time the second Carlos ruled in Spain,
Last of the Austrian line by Fate decreed,
Here Castanaza reared a votive fane,
Praying the Patron Saints to bless with seed
His childless sovereign; Heaven denied an heir,
And Europe mourned in blood the frustrate prayer.

V.

That temple to our hearts was hallowed now:
For many a wounded Briton there was laid,
With such poor help as time might then allow
From the fresh carnage of the field conveyed;
And they whom human succours could not save,
Here in its precincts found a hasty grave.

VI.

And here on marble tablets set on high,
In English lines by foreign workmen traced,
Are names familiar to an English eye;
Their brethren here the fit memorials placed,
Whose unadorned inscriptions briefly tell
Their gallant comrades' rank, and where they fell.

VII.

The stateliest monument of public pride,
Enriched with all magnificence of art,
To honour Chieftains who in victory died,
Would wake no stronger feeling in the heart
Than these plain tablets, by the soldier's hand
Raised to his comrades in a foreign land.

VIII.

Not far removed you find the burial-ground,
Yet so that skirts of woodland intervene;
A small enclosure, rudely fenced around;
Three grave-stones only for the dead are seen:
One bears the name of some rich villager,
The first for whom a stone was planted there.

IX.

Beneath the second is a German laid,
Whom Bremen, shaking off the Frenchman's yoke,
Sent with her sons the general cause to aid;
He in the fight received his mortal stroke,
Yet for his country's aggravated woes
Lived to see vengeance on her hated foes.

X.

A son of Erin sleeps below the third;
By friendly hands his body where it lay
Upon the field of blood had been interred,
And thence by those who mourned him borne away
In pious reverence for departed worth,
Laid here with holy rites in consecrated earth.

XI.

Repose in peace, brave soldiers, who have found
In Waterloo and Soigny's shade your rest!
Ere this hath British valour made that ground
Sacred to you, and for your foes unblest,
When Marlborough here, victorious in his might
Surprized the French, and smote them in their flight.

XII.

Those wars are as a tale of times gone by,
For so doth perishable fame decay, . .
Here on the ground wherein the slaughtered lie,
The memory of that fight is past away ; . .
And even our glorious Blenheim to the field
Of Waterloo and Wellington must yield.

XIII.

Soon shall we reach that scene of mighty deeds,
In one unbending line a short league hence ;
Aright the forest from the road recedes,
With wide sweep trending south and westward thence ;
Aleft along the line it keeps its place
Some half-hour's distance at a traveller's pace.

XIV.

The country here expands, a wide-spread scene;
No Flemish gardens fringed with willows these,
Nor rich Brabantine pastures ever green,
With trenches lined and rows of aspin trees;
In tillage here the unwooded open land
Returns its increase to the farmer's hand.

XV.

Behold the scene where Slaughter had full sway!
A mile before us lieth Mount St. John,
The hamlet which the Highlanders that day
Preserved from spoil; yet as much farther on
The single farm is placed, now known to fame,
Which from the sacred hedge derives its name.

E. Nash delt. London Pub.d by Longman & Co. April 1, 1816. G. Cooke sculp.

La Belle Alliance

XVI.

Straight onward yet for one like distance more,
And there the house of Belle Alliance stands,
So named, I guess, by some in days of yore,
In friendship or in wedlock joining hands:
Little did they who called it thus foresee
The place that name should hold in history!

XVII.

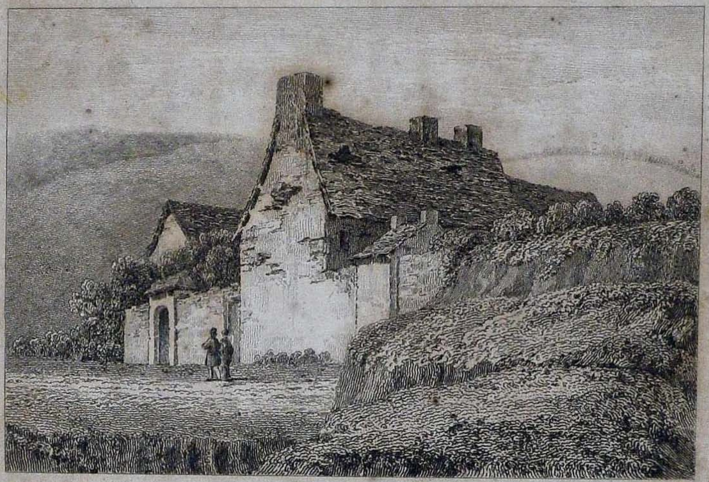
Beyond these points the fight extended not, . .
Small theatre for such a tragedy!
Its breadth scarce more, from eastern Papelot
To where the groves of Hougoumont on high
Rear in the west their venerable head,
And cover with their shade the countless dead.

XVIII.

But wouldst thou tread this celebrated ground,
And trace with understanding eyes a scene
Above all other fields of war renowned,
From western Hougoumont thy way begin;
There was our strength on that side, and there first,
In all its force, the storm of battle burst.

XIX.

Strike eastward then across toward La Haye,
The single farm: with dead the fields between
Are lined, and thou wilt see upon the way
Long wave-like dips and swells which intervene,
Such as would breathe the war-horse, and impede,
When that deep soil was wet, his martial speed.



E. Hash del.^t London Pub.^d by Longman & Co April 2. 1816. G. Cooke sculp.

[illegible]

XX.

This is the ground whereon the young Nassau,
Emuling that day his ancestors' renown,
Received his hurt; admiring Belgium saw
The youth proved worthy of his destined crown:
All tongues his prowess on that day proclaim,
And children lisp his praise and bless their Prince's name

XXI.

When thou hast reached La Haye, survey it well,
Here was the heat and centre of the strife;
This point must Britain hold whate'er befell,
And here both armies were profuse of life:
Once it was lost, . . and then a stander by
Belike had trembled for the victory.

XXII.

Not so the leader, on whose equal mind
Such interests hung in that momentous day;
So well had he his motley troops assigned,
That where the vital points of action lay,
There had he placed those soldiers whom he knew
No fears could quail, no dangers could subdue.

XXIII.

Small was his British force, nor had he here
The Portugals, in heart so near allied,
The worthy comrades of his late career,
Who fought so oft and conquered at his side,
When with the Red Cross joined in brave advance,
The glorious Quinas mocked the air of France.

XXIV.

Now of the troops with whom he took the field,
Some were of doubtful faith, and others raw;
He stationed these where they might stand or yield;
But where the stress of battle he foresaw,
There were his links (his own strong words I speak)
And rivets which no human force could break.

XXV.

O my brave countrymen, ye answered well
To that heroic trust! Nor less did ye,
Whose worth your grateful country aye shall tell,
True children of our sister Germany,
Who while she groaned beneath the oppressor's chain,
Fought for her freedom in the fields of Spain.

XXVI.

La Haye, bear witness! sacred is it hight,
And sacred is it truly from that day;
For never braver blood was spent in fight
Than Britain here hath mingled with the clay.
Set where thou wilt thy foot, thou scarce canst tread
Here on a spot unhallowed by the dead.

XXVII.

Here was it that the Highlanders withstood
The tide of hostile power, received its weight
With resolute strength, and stemmed and turned the flood;
And fitly here, as in that Grecian straight,
The funeral stone might say, Go traveller, tell
Scotland, that in our duty here we fell.

XXVIII.

Still eastward from this point thy way pursue.
  There grows a single hedge along the lane, . .
No other is there far or near in view :
  The raging enemy essayed in vain
To pass that line, . . a braver foe withstood,
And this whole ground was moistened with their blood.

XXIX.

Leading his gallant men as he was wont,
  The hot assailants' onset to repel,
Advancing hat in hand, here in the front
  Of battle and of danger, Picton fell;
Lamented Chief! than whom no braver name
His country's annals shall consign to fame.

XXX.

Scheldt had not seen us, had his voice been heard,
Return with shame from her disastrous coast:
Bût Fortune soon to fairer fields preferred
His worth approved which Cambria long may boast:
France felt him then, and Portugal and Spain
His honoured memory will for aye retain.

XXXI.

Hence to the high-walled house of Papelot,
The battle's boundary on the left, incline;
Here thou seest Frischermont not far remote,
From whence, like ministers of wrath divine,
The Prussians issuing on the yielding foe,
Consummated their great and total overthrow.

XXXII.

Deem not that I the martial skill should boast
  Where horse and foot were stationed, here to tell,
What points were occupied by either host,
  And how the battle raged, and what befell,
And how our great Commander's eagle eye
Which comprehended all, secured the victory.

XXXIII.

This were the historian's, not the poet's part;
  Such task would ill the gentle Muse beseem,
Who to the thoughtful mind and pious heart,
  Comes with her offering from this awful theme;
Content if what she saw and gathered there
She may in unambitious song declare.

XXXIV.

Look how upon the Ocean's treacherous face
The breeze and summer sunshine softly play,
And the green-heaving billows bear no trace
Of all the wrath and wreck of yesterday; . .
So from the field which here we looked upon,
The vestiges of dreadful war were gone.

XXXV.

Earth had received into her silent womb
Her slaughtered creatures: horse and man they lay,
And friend and foe, within the general tomb.
Equal had been their lot; one fatal day
For all, . . one labour, . . and one place of rest
They found within their common parent's breast.

XXXVI.

The passing seasons had not yet effaced
The stamp of numerous hoofs impressed by force
Of cavalry, whose path might still be traced.
Yet Nature every where resumed her course;
Low pansies to the sun their purple gave,
And the soft poppy blossomed on the grave.

XXXVII.

In parts the careful farmer had renewed
His labours, late by battle frustrated;
And where the unconscious soil had been imbued
With blood, profusely there like water shed,
There had his plough-share turned the guilty ground,
And the green corn was springing all around.

XXXVIII.

The graves he left for natural thought humane
  Untouched; and here and there where in the strife
Contending feet had trampled down the grain,
  Some hardier roots were found, which of their life
Tenacious, had put forth a second head,
And sprung, and eared, and ripened on the dead.

XXXIX.

Some marks of wreck were scattered all around,
  As shoe, and belt, and broken bandoleer,
And hats which bore the mark of mortal wound;
  Gun-flints and balls for those who closelier peer;
And sometimes did the breeze upon its breath
Bear from ill-covered graves a taint of death.

Sketched by C. Bell. London, Pub.d by Longman & Co. April 1, 1811. C. Cooke sculp.

XL.

More vestige of destructive man was seen
  Where man in works of peace had laboured more;
At Hougoumont the hottest strife had been,
  Where trees and walls the mournful record bore
Of war's wild rage, trunks pierced with many a wound,
And roofs and half-burnt rafters on the ground.

XLI.

A goodly mansion this, with gardens fair,
  And ancient groves and fruitful orchard wide,
Its dove-cot and its decent house of prayer,
  Its ample stalls and garners well supplied,
And spacious bartons clean, well-walled around,
Where all the wealth of rural life was found.

XLII.

That goodly mansion on the ground was laid,
Save here and there a blackened broken wall;
The wounded who were borne beneath its shade
Had there been crushed and buried by the fall;
And there they lie where they received their doom,..
Oh let no hand disturb that honourable tomb!

XLIII.

Contiguous to this wreck the little fane
For worship hallowed, still uninjured stands,
Save that its Crucifix displays too plain
The marks of outrage from irreverent hands.
Alas, to think such irreligious deed
Of wrong from British soldiers should proceed!

F. Nash del. London Pub.d by Longman & Co. April 1, 18[illegible]. J. Cooke sculp.

E. Nash del.t London Pub.d by Longman & C.o April 1 1816 G. Cooke sculp.

XLIV.

The dove-cot too remains; scared at the fight
  The birds sought shelter in the forest shade;
But still they kept their native haunts in sight,
  And when few days their terror had allayed,
Forsook again the solitary wood,
For their old home and human neighbourhood.

XLV.

The gardener's dwelling was untouched; his wife
  Fled with her children to some near retreat,
And there lay trembling for her husband's life:
  He stood the issue, saw the foe's retreat,
And lives unhurt where thousands fell around,
To tell the story of that famous ground.

XLVI.

His generous dog was well approved that hour,
By courage as by love to man allied;
He thro' the fiery storm and iron shower
Kept the ground bravely by his master's side:
And now when to the stranger's hand he draws,
The noble beast seems conscious of applause.

XLVII.

Toward the grove the wall with musket holes
Is pierced; our soldiers here their station held
Against the foe, and many were the souls
Then from their fleshly tenements expelled.
Six hundred Frenchmen have been burnt close by,
And underneath one mound their bones and ashes lie.

XLVIII.

One streak of blood upon the wall was traced,
In length a man's just stature from the head;
There where it gushed you saw it uneffaced:
Of all the blood which on that day was shed
This mortal stain alone remained impressed,..
The all-devouring earth had drunk the rest.

XLIX.

Here from the heaps who strewed the fatal plain
Was Howard's corse by faithful hands conveyed,
And not to be confounded with the slain,
Here in a grave apart with reverence laid,
Till hence his honoured relics o'er the seas
Were borne to England, where they rest in peace.

L.

Another grave had yielded up its dead,
From whence to bear his son a father came,
That he might lay him where his own grey head
Ere long must needs be laid. That soldier's name
Was not remembered there, yet may the verse
Present this reverent tribute to his herse.

LI.

Was it a soothing or a mournful thought
Amid this scene of slaughter as we stood,
Where armies had with recent fury fought,
To mark how gentle Nature still pursued
Her quiet course, as if she took no care
For what her noblest work had suffered there?

LII.

The pears had ripened on the garden wall;
Those leaves which on the autumnal earth were spread,
The trees, though pierced and scarred with many a ball,
Had only in their natural season shed:
Flowers were in seed whose buds to swell began
When such wild havoc here was made of man!

LIII.

Throughout the garden, fruits and herbs and flowers
You saw in growth, or ripeness, or decay;
The green and well-trimmed dial marked the hours
With gliding shadow as they past away;
Who would have thought, to see this garden fair,
Such horrors had so late been acted there!

LIV.

Now Hougoumont, farewell to thy domain!
Might I dispose of thee, no woodman's hand
Should e'er thy venerable groves profane;
Untouched, and like a temple should they stand,
And consecrate by general feeling, wave
Their branches o'er the ground where sleep the brave.

LV.

Thy ruins as they fell should aye remain, . .
What monument so fit for those below?
Thy garden through all ages should retain
The form and fashion which it weareth now,
That future pilgrims here might all things see,
Such as they were at this great victory.

IV.

THE SCENE OF WAR.

I.

No cloud the azure vault of heaven distained
  That day when we the field of war surveyed;
The leaves were falling, but the groves retained
  Foliage enough for beauty and for shade;
Soft airs prevailed, and thro' the sunny hours
The bees were busy on the year's last flowers.

II.

Well was the season with the scene combined.
The autumnal sunshine suited well the mood
Which here possessed the meditative mind, . .
A human sense upon the field of blood,
A Christian thankfulness, a British pride,
Tempered by solemn thought, yet still to joy allied.

III.

What British heart that would not feel a flow
Upon that ground, of elevating pride?
What British cheek is there that would not glow
To hear our country blest and magnified? . .
For Britain here was blest by old and young,
Admired by every heart and praised by every tongue.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

IV.

Not for brave bearing in the field alone
  Doth grateful Belgium bless the British name;
The order and the perfect honour shown
  In all things, have enhanced the soldier's fame:
For this we heard the admiring people raise
One universal voice sincere of praise.

V.

Yet with indignant feeling they enquired
  Wherefore we spared the author of this strife?
Why had we not, as highest law required,
  With ignominy closed the culprit's life?
For him alone had all this blood been shed,..
Why had not vengeance struck the guilty head?

VI.

O God! they said, it was a piteous thing
  To see the after-horrors of the fight,
The lingering death, the hopeless suffering, . .
  What heart of flesh unmoved could bear the sight!
One man was cause of all this world of woe, . .
Ye had him, . . and ye did not strike the blow!

VII.

How will ye answer to all after time
  For that great lesson which ye failed to give?
As if excess of guilt excused the crime,
  Black as he is with blood ye let him live!
Children of evil, take your course henceforth,
For what is Justice but a name on earth!

VIII.

Vain had it been with these in glosing speech
Of precedents to use the specious tongue:
This might perplex the ear, but fail to reach
The heart, from whence that honest feeling sprung:
And had I dared my inner sense belie,
The voice of blood was there to join them in their cry.

IX.

We left the field of battle in such mood
As human hearts from thence should bear away,
And musing thus our purposed route pursued,
Which still thro' scenes of recent bloodshed lay,
Where Prussia late with strong and stern delight
Hung on her hated foes to persecute their flight.

X.

No hour for tarriance that, or for remorse!
Vengeance, who long had hungered, took her fill,
And Retribution held its righteous course:
As when in elder time, the Sun stood still
On Gibeon, and the Moon above the vale
Of Ajalon hung motionless and pale.

XI.

And what tho' no portentous day was given
To render here the work of wrath compleat,
The Sun, I ween, seemed standing still in heaven
To those who hurried from that dire defeat;
And when they prayed for darkness in their flight,
The Moon arose upon them broad and bright.

XII.

No covert might they find; the open land,
O'er which so late exultingly they past,
Lay all before them and on either hand;
Close on their flight the avengers followed fast,
And when they reached Genappe and there drew breath,
Short respite found they there from fear and death.

XIII.

That fatal town betrayed them to more loss;
Thro' one long street the only passage lay,
And then the narrow bridge they needs must cross
Where Dyle, a shallow streamlet, crossed the way:
For life they fled, .. no thought had they but fear,
And their own baggage choaked the outlet here.

XIV.

He who had bridged the Danube's affluent stream,
With all the unbroken Austrian power in sight,
(So had his empire vanished like a dream)
Was by this brook impeded in his flight; . .
And then what passions did he witness there . . .
Rage, terror, execrations, and despair !

XV.

Ere thro' the wreck his passage could be made,
Three miserable hours, which seemed like years,
Was he in that ignoble strait delayed ;
The dreadful Prussians' cry was in his ears,
Fear in his heart, and in his soul that hell
Whose due rewards he merited so well.

XVI.

Foremost again as he was wont to be
   In flight, tho' not the foremost in the strife,
The Tyrant hurried on, of infamy
   Regardless, nor regarding ought but life; . .
Oh wretch! without the courage or the faith
To die with those whom he had led to death!

XVII.

Meantime his guilty followers in disgrace,
   Whose pride for ever now was beaten down,
Some in the houses sought a hiding place;
   While at the entrance of that fatal town
Others, who yet some show of heart displayed,
A short vain effort of resistance made:

XVIII.

Feeble and ill-sustained! The foe burst through;
With unabating heat they searched around;
The wretches from their lurking-holes they drew, . .
Such mercy as the French had given they found.
Death had more victims there in that one hour
Than fifty years might else have rendered to his power.

XIX.

Here did we inn upon our pilgrimage,
After such day an unfit resting-place :
For who from ghastly thoughts could disengage
The haunted mind, when every where the trace
Of death was seen, . . the blood-stain on the wall,
And musquet-marks in chamber and in hall !

XX.

All talk too was of death. They shewed us here
  The room where Brunswick's body had been laid,
Where his brave followers, bending o'er the bier,
  In bitterness their vows of vengeance made;
Where Wellington beheld the slaughtered Chief,
And for awhile gave way to manly grief.

XXI.

Duhesme, whose crimes the Catalans may tell,
  Died here; .. with sabre strokes the posts are scored,
Hewn down upon the threshold where he fell,
  Himself then tasting of the ruthless sword;
A Brunswicker discharged the debt of Spain,
And where he dropt the stone preserves the stain.

XXII.

Too much of life hath on thy plains been shed,
  Brabant! so oft the scene of war's debate;
But ne'er with blood were they so largely fed
  As in this rout and wreck; when righteous Fate
Brought on the French, in warning to all times,
A vengeance wide and sweeping as their crimes:

XXIII.

Vengeance for Egypt and for Syria's wrong;
  For Portugal's unutterable woes;
For Germany, who suffered all too long
  Beneath these lawless, faithless, godless foes;
For blood which on the Lord so long had cried,
For Earth opprest, and Heaven insulted and defied.

E. Nash del.　　London Pub.d by Longman & Co. April 1. 1816.　　C. Cooke sculp.

Les Quatre Bras

XXIV.

We followed from Genappe their line of flight
To the Cross Roads, where Britain's sons sustained
Against such perilous force the desperate fight :
Deserving for that field so well maintained,
Such fame as for a like devotion's meed
The world hath to the Spartan band decreed.

XXV.

Upon this ground the noble Brunswick died,
Led on too rashly by his ardent heart ;
Long shall his grateful country tell with pride
How manfully he chose the better part ;
When groaning Germany in chains was bound,
He only of her Princes faithful found.

XXVI.

And here right bravely did the German band
  Once more sustain their well-deserved applause;
As when, revenging there their native land,
  In Spain they laboured for the general cause.
In this most arduous strife none more than they
Endured the heat and burthen of the day.

XXVII.

Here too we heard the praise of British worth,
  Still best approved when most severely tried;
Here were broad patches of loose-lying earth,
  Sufficing scarce the mingled bones to hide, . .
And half-uncovered graves, where one might see
The loathliest features of mortality.

XXVIII.

Eastward from hence we struck, and reached the field
Of Ligny, where the Prussian, on that day
By far-outnumbering force constrained to yield,
Fronted the foe, and held them still at bay;
And in that brave defeat acquired fresh claim
To glory, and enhanced his country's fame.

XXIX.

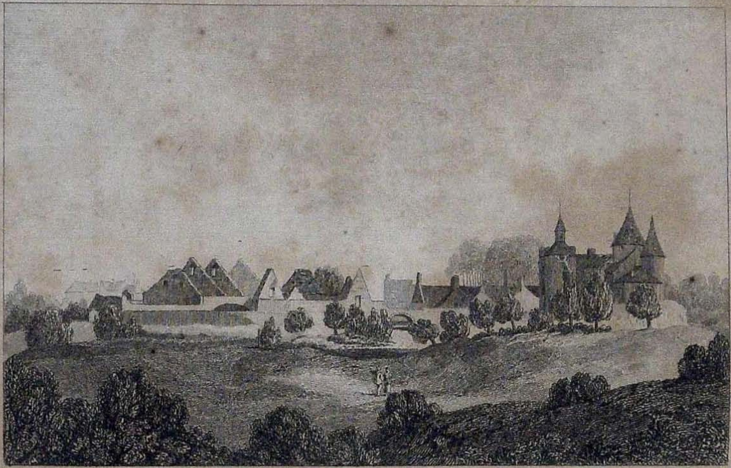
Here was a scene which fancy might delight
To treasure up among her cherished stores,
And bring again before the inward sight
Often when she recalls the long-past hours;..
Well-cultured hill and dale extending wide,
Hamlets and village spires on every side;

XXX.

The autumnal-tinted groves; the upland mill
  Which oft was won and lost amid the fray;
Green pastures watered by the silent rill;
  The lordly Castle yielding to decay,
With bridge and barbican and moat and tower,
A fairer sight perchance than when it frowned in power:

XXXI.

The avenue before its ruined gate,
  Which when the Castle, suffering less from time
Than havoc, hath forgone its strength and state,
  Uninjured flourisheth in nature's prime;
To us a grateful shade did it supply,
Glad of that shelter from the noontide sky:



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XXXII.

The quarries deep, where many a massive block
For some Parisian monument of pride,
Hewn with long labour from the granite rock,
Lay in the change of fortune cast aside;
But rightly with those stones should Prussia build
Her monumental pile on Ligny's bloody field!

XXXIII.

The wealthy village bearing but too plain
The dismal marks of recent fire and spoil;
Its decent habitants, an active train,
And many a one at work with needful toil
On roof or thatch, the ruin to repair, . .
May never War repeat such devastation there.

XXXIV.

Ill had we done if we had hurried by
  A scene in faithful history to be famed
Thro' long succeeding ages; nor may I
  The hospitality let pass unnamed,
And courteous kindness on that distant ground,
Which strangers as we were for England's sake we found.

XXXV.

And dear to England should be Ligny's name.*
  Prussia and England both were proved that day;
Each generous nation to the other's fame
  Her ample tribute of applause will pay;
Long as the memory of those labours past,
Unbroken may their Fair Alliance last!

XXXVI.

The tales which of that field I could unfold,
  Better it is that silence should conceal.
They who had seen them shuddered while they told
  Of things so hideous; and they cried with zeal,
One man hath caused all this, of men the worst, ..
O wherefore have ye spared his head accurst!

XXXVII.

It fits not now to tell our farther way
  Thro' many a scene by bounteous nature blest;
Nor how we found where'er our journey lay,
  An Englishman was still an honoured guest;
But still upon this point where'er we went,
The indignant voice was heard of discontent.

XXXVIII.

And hence there lay, too plainly might we see,
  An ominous feeling upon every heart:
What hope of lasting order could there be,
  They said, where Justice had not had her part?
Wisdom doth rule with Justice by her side;
Justice from Wisdom none may e'er divide.

XXXIX.

The shaken mind felt all things insecure:
  Accustomed long to see successful crimes,
And helplessly the heavy yoke endure,
  They now looked back upon their fathers' times,
Ere the wild rule of Anarchy began,
As to some happier world, or golden age of man.

XL.

As they who in the vale of years advance,
And the dark eve is closing on their way,
When on their mind the recollections glance
Of early joy, and Hope's delightful day,
Behold, in brighter hues than those of truth,
The light of morning on the fields of youth.

XLI.

Those who amid these troubles had grown grey,
Recurred with mournful feeling to the past;
Blest had we known our blessings! they would say,
We were not worthy that our bliss should last!
Peaceful we were and flourishing and free,
But madly we required more liberty!

XLII.

Remorseless France had long oppressed the land,
  And for her frantic projects drained its blood;
And now they felt the Prussian's heavy hand:
  He came to aid them; bravely had he stood
In their defence;.. but oh! in peace how ill
The soldier's deeds, how insolent his will!

XLIII.

One general wish prevailed,.. if they might see
  The happy order of old times restored!
Give them their former laws and liberty,
  This their desires and secret prayers implored;..
Forgetful, as the stream of time flows on,
That that which passes is for ever gone.

The Poet's Pilgrimage.

PART THE SECOND.

THE VISION.

῎Επεχε νῦν σκοπῷ τόξον,
῎Αγε θυμέ.

PINDAR.

The Poet's Pilgrimage.

PART THE SECOND.

I.

THE TOWER.

I.

I THOUGHT upon these things in solitude,
  And mused upon them in the silent night;
The open graves, the recent scene of blood,
  Were present to the soul's creative sight;
These mournful images my mind possest,
And mingled with the visions of my rest.

II.

Methought that I was travelling o'er a plain
Whose limits, far beyond all reach of sense,
The aching anxious sight explored in vain.
How I came there I could not tell, nor whence;
Nor where my melancholy journey lay;
Only that soon the night would close upon my way.

III.

Behind me was a dolorous, dreary scene,
With huge and mouldering ruins widely spread;
Wastes which had whilome fertile regions been,
Tombs which had lost all record of the dead;
And where the dim horizon seemed to close,
Far off the gloomy Pyramids arose.

IV.

Full fain would I have known what lay before,
But lifted there in vain my mortal eye;
That point with cloud and mist was covered o'er,
As tho' the earth were mingled with the sky.
Yet thither, as some power unseen impelled,
My blind involuntary way I held.

V.

Across the plain innumerable crouds
Like me were on their destined journey bent,
Toward the land of shadows and of clouds:
One pace they travelled, to one point they went; . .
A motley multitude of old and young,
Men of all climes and hues, and every tongue.

VI.

Ere long I came upon a field of dead,
Where heaps of recent carnage filled the way;
A ghastly sight, . . nor was there where to tread,
So thickly slaughtered, horse and man, they lay.
Methought that in that place of death I knew
Again the late-seen field of Waterloo.

VII.

Troubled I stood, and doubtful where to go, . .
A cold damp shuddering ran through all my frame:
Fain would I fly from that dread scene, when lo!
A voice as from above pronounced my name;
And looking to the sound, by the way-side
I saw a lofty structure edified.

VIII.

Most like it seemed to that aspiring Tower
  Which old Ambition reared on Babel's plain,
As if he weened in his presumptuous power
  To scale high Heaven with daring pride profane;
Such was its giddy height: and round and round
The spiral steps in long ascension wound.

IX.

Its frail foundations upon sand were placed,
  And round about it mouldering rubbish lay;
For easily by time and storms defaced,
  The loose materials crumbled in decay:
Rising so high, and built so insecure,
Ill might such perishable work endure.

X.

I not the less went up, and as I drew
  Toward the top, more firm the structure seemed,
With nicer art composed, and fair to view:
  Strong and well-built perchance I might have deemed
The pile, had I not seen and understood
Of what frail matter formed, and on what base it stood.

XI.

There on the summit a grave personage
  Received and welcomed me in courteous guise;
On his grey temples were the marks of age,
  As one whom years methought should render wise.
I saw that thou wert filled with doubt and fear,
He said, and therefore have I called thee here.

XII.

Hence from this eminence sublime I see
  The wanderings of the erring crowd below,
And pitying thee in thy perplexity,
  Will tell thee all that thou canst need to know
To guide thy steps aright. I bent my head
As if in thanks, .. And who art thou? I said.

XIII.

He answered, I am Wisdom. Mother Earth
  Me, in her vigour self-conceiving, bore;
And as from eldest time I date my birth,
  Eternally with her shall I endure;
Her noblest offspring I, to whom alone
The course of sublunary things is known.

XIV.

Master! quoth I, regarding him, I thought
That Wisdom was the child divine of Heaven.
So, he replied, have fabling preachers taught,
And the dull world a light belief hath given.
But vainly would these fools my claim decry,..
Wisdom I am, and of the Earth am I.

XV.

Thus while he spake I scanned his features well:
Small but audacious was the Old Man's eye;
His countenance was hard, and seemed to tell
Of knowledge less than of effrontery.
Instruct me then, I said, for thou shouldst know,
From whence I came, and whither I must go.

XVI.

Art thou then one who would his mind perplex
With knowledge bootless even if attained?
Fond man! he answered;.. wherefore shouldst thou vex
Thy heart with seeking what may not be gained!
Regard not what has been, nor what may be,
O Child of Earth, this Now is all that toucheth thee!

XVII.

He who performs the journey of to-day
Cares not if yesterday were shower or sun:
To-morrow let the heavens be what they may,
And what recks he?.. his wayfare will be done.
Heedless of what hereafter may befall,
Live whilst thou livest, for this life is all!

XVIII.

I kept my rising indignation down,
That I might hear what farther he would teach;
Yet on my darkened brow the instinctive frown,
Gathering at that abominable speech,
Maintained its place: he marked it and pursued,
Tuning his practised tongue to subtle flattery's mood:

XIX.

Do I not know thee, . . that from earliest youth
Knowledge hath been thy only heart's-desire?
Here seeing all things as they are in truth,
I show thee all to which thy thoughts aspire:
No vapours here impede the exalted sense,
Nor mists of earth attain this eminence!

XX.

Whither thy way, thou askest me, and what
  The region dark whereto thy footsteps tend,
And where by one inevitable lot
  The course of all yon multitude must end.
Take thou this glass, whose perfect power shall aid
Thy faulty vision, and therewith explore the shade.

XXI.

Eager I looked; but seeing with surprize
  That the same darkness still the view o'erspread,
Half angrily I turned away mine eyes.
  Complacent then the Old Man smiled and said,
Darkness is all! what more wouldst thou descry?
Rest now content, for farther none can spy.

XXII.

Now mark me, Child of Earth! he thus pursued;
  Let not the hypocrites thy reason blind,
And to the quest of some unreal good
  Divert with dogmas vain thine erring mind:
Learn thou, whate'er the motive they may call,
That Pleasure is the aim, and Self the spring of all.

XXIII.

This is the root of knowledge. Wise are they
  Who to this guiding principle attend:
They as they press along the world's high-way,
  With single aim pursue their steady end:
No vain compunction checks their sure career;
No idle dreams deceive; their heart is here.

XXIV.

They from the nature and the fate of man,
Thus clearly understood, derive their strength;
Knowing that as from nothing they began,
To nothing they must needs return at length;
This knowledge steels the heart and clears the mind,
And they create on earth the Heaven they find.

XXV.

Such, I made answer, was the Tyrant's creed
Who bruised the nations with his iron rod,
Till on yon field the wretch received his meed
From Britain, and the outstretched arm of God!
Behold him now, .. Death ever in his view,
The only change for him, .. and Judgement to ensue!

XXVI.

Behold him when the unbidden thoughts arise
Of his old passions and unbridled power;
As the fierce tiger in confinement lies,
And dreams of blood that he must taste no more,..
Then waking in that appetite of rage,
Frets to and fro within his narrow cage.

XXVII.

Hath he not chosen well? the Old Man replied;
Bravely he aimed at universal sway;
And never earthly Chief was glorified
Like this Napoleon in his prosperous day.
All-ruling Fate itself hath not the power
To alter what has been: and he has had his hour!

XXVIII.

Take him, I answered, at his fortune's flood;
Russia his friend, the Austrian wars surceased,
When Kings his creatures some, and some subdued,
Like vassals waited at his marriage feast;
And Europe like a map before him lay,
Of which he gave at will, or took away.

XXIX.

Call then to mind Navarre's heroic chief,
Wandering by night and day thro' wood and glen,
His country's sufferings like a private grief
Wringing his heart: would Mina even then
Those perils and that sorrow have foregone
To be that Tyrant on his prosperous throne?

XXX.

But wherefore name I him whose arm was free?
A living hope his noble heart sustained,
A faith which bade him thro' all dangers see
The triumph his enduring country gained.
See Hofer with no earthly hope to aid, . .
His country lost, . . himself to chains and death betrayed!

XXXI.

By those he served deserted in his need;
Given to the unrelenting Tyrant's power,
And by his mean revenge condemned to bleed, . .
Would he have bartered in that aweful hour
His heart, his conscience, and his sure renown,
For the malignant murderer's crimes and crown?

XXXII.

Him too, I know, a worthy thought of fame
In that dread trance upheld ; . . the foresight sure
That in his own dear country his good name
Long as the streams and mountains should endure;
The shepherds on the hills should sing his praise,
And children learn his deeds thro' all succeeding days.

XXXIII.

Turn we to those in whom no glorious thought
Lent its strong succour to the passive mind ;
Nor stirring enterprize within them wrought ; . .
Who to their lot of bitterness resigned,
Endured their sorrows by the world unknown,
And looked for their reward to Death alone :

XXXIV.

Mothers within Gerona's leagered wall,
Who saw their famished children pine and die;..
Widows surviving Zaragoza's fall
To linger in abhorred captivity;..
Yet would not have exchanged their sacred woe
For all the empire of their miscreant foe!

XXXV.

Serene the Old Man replied, and smiled with scorn,
Behold the effect of error! thus to wear
The days of miserable life forlorn,
Struggling with evil and consumed with care;..
Poor fools, whom vain and empty hopes mislead!
They reap their sufferings for their only meed.

XXXVI.

O false one! I exclaimed, whom canst thou fool
With such gross sophisms, but the wicked heart!
The pupils of thine own unhappy school
Are they who chuse the vain and empty part;
How oft in age, in sickness, and in woe,
Have they complained that all was vanity below!

XXXVII.

Look at that mighty Gaznevide Mahmood,
When pining in his Palace of Delight,
He bade the gathered spoils of realms subdued
Be spread before him to regale his sight,
Whate'er the Orient boasts of rich and rare, . .
And then he wept to think what toys they were!

XXXVIII.

Look at the Russian minion when he played
With pearls and jewels which surpassed all price;
And now apart their various hues arrayed,
Blended their colours now in union nice,
Then weary of the baubles, with a sigh,
Swept them aside, and thought that all was vanity!

XXXIX.

Weaned by the fatal messenger from pride,
The Syrian thro' the streets exposed his shroud;
And one that ravaged kingdoms far and wide
Upon the bed of sickness cried aloud,
What boots my empire in this mortal throe,
For the Grave calls me now, and I must go!

XL.

Thus felt these wretched men, because decay
  Had touched them in their vitals; Death stood by;
And Reason when the props of flesh gave way,
  Purged as with euphrasy the mortal eye.
Who seeks for worldly honours, wealth or power,
Will find them vain indeed at that dread hour!

XLI.

These things are vain; but all things are not so,
  The virtues and the hopes of human kind! . .
Yea, by the God whom ordering all below,
  In his own image made the immortal mind,
Desires there are which draw from Him their birth,
And bring forth lasting fruits for Heaven and Earth.

XLII.

Therefore thro' evil and thro' good content,
The righteous man performs his part assigned;
In bondage lingering, or with sufferings spent,
Therefore doth peace support the heroic mind;
And from the dreadful sacrifice of all,
Meek woman doth not shrink at Duty's call.

XLIII.

Therefore the Martyr clasps the stake in faith,
And sings thanksgiving while the flames aspire;
Victorious over agony and death,
Sublime he stands and triumphs in the fire,
As tho' to him Elijah's lot were given,
And that the Chariot and the steeds of Heaven.

II.

THE EVIL PROPHET.

I.

WITH that my passionate discourse I brake;
Too fast the thought, too strong the feeling came.
Composed the Old Man listened while I spake,
Nor moved to wrath, nor capable of shame;
And when I ceased, unaltered was his mien,
His hard eye unabashed, his front serene.

I.

Hard is it error from the mind to weed,
He answered, where it strikes so deep a root.
Let us to other argument proceed,
And, if we may, discover what the fruit
Of this long strife, .. what harvest of great good
The World shall reap for all this cost of blood!

III.

Assuming then a frown as thus he said,
He stretched his hand from that commanding height,
Behold, quoth he, where thrice ten thousand dead
Are laid, the victims of a single fight!
And thrice ten thousand more at Ligny lie,
Slain for the prelude to this tragedy!

IV.

This but a page of the great book of war, . .
A drop amid the scene of human woes ! . . .
Thou canst remember when the Morning Star
Of Freedom on rejoicing France arose,
Over her vine-clad hills and regions gay,
Fair even as Phosphor who foreruns the day.

V.

Such and so beautiful that Star's uprise;
But soon the glorious dawn was overcast :
A baleful track it held across the skies,
Till now thro' all its fatal changes past,
Its course fulfilled, its aspects understood,
On Waterloo it hath gone down in blood.

VI.

Where now the hopes with which thine ardent youth
Rejoicingly to run its race began?
Where now the reign of Liberty and Truth,
The Rights Omnipotent of Equal Man,
The principles should make all discord cease,
And bid poor humankind repose at length in peace?

VII.

Behold the Bourbon to that throne by force
Restored, from whence by fury he was cast:
Thus to the point where it began its course,
The melancholy cycle comes at last;
And what are all the intermediate years?..
What, but a bootless waste of blood and tears!

VIII.

The peace which thus at Waterloo ye won,
  Shall it endure with this exasperate foe?
In gratitude for all that ye have done,
  Will France her ancient enmity forego?
Her wounded spirit, her envenomed will
Ye know, . . and ample means are left her still.

IX.

What tho' the tresses of her strength be shorn,
  The roots remain untouched; and as of old
The bondsman Sampson felt his power return
  To his knit sinews, so shall ye behold
France, like a giant fresh from sleep, arise
And rush upon her slumbering enemies.

X.

Woe then for Belgium! for this ill-doomed land,
The theatre of strife thro' every age!
Look from this eminence whereon we stand, . .
What is the region round us but a stage,
For the mad pastime of Ambition made,
Whereon War's dreadful drama may be played?

XI.

Thus hath it been from history's earliest light,
When yonder by the Sabis Cæsar stood,
And saw his legions, raging from the fight,
Root out the noble nation they subdued:
Even at this day the peasant findeth there
The relics of that ruthless massacre.

XII.

Need I recall the long religious strife?
Or William's hard-fought fields? or Marlborough's fame
Here purchased at such lavish price of life,..
Or Fontenoy, or Fleurus' later name?
Wherever here the foot of man may tread,
The blood of man hath on that spot been shed.

XIII.

Shall then Futurity a happier train
Unfold, than this dark picture of the past?
Dreamest thou again of some Saturnian reign,
Or that this ill-compacted realm should last?
Its wealth and weakness to the foe are known,
And the first shock subverts its baseless throne.

XIV.

O wretched country, better should thy soil
Be laid again beneath the invading seas,
Thou goodliest masterpiece of human toil,
If still thou must be doomed to scenes like these!
O Destiny inexorable and blind!
O miserable lot of poor mankind!

XV.

Saying thus, he fixed on me a searching eye
Of stern regard, as if my heart to reach:
Yet gave he now no leisure to reply;
For ere I might dispose my thoughts for speech,
The Old Man, as one who felt and understood
His strength, the theme of his discourse pursued.

XVI.

If we look farther, what shall we behold
  But every where the swelling seeds of ill,
Half-smothered fires, and causes manifold
  Of strife to come; the powerful watching still
For fresh occasion to enlarge his power,
The weak and injured waiting for their hour!

XVII.

Will the rude Cossack with his spoils bear back
  The love of peace and humanizing art?
Think ye the mighty Moscovite shall lack
  Some specious business for the ambitious heart;
Or the black Eagle, when she moults her plume,
The form and temper of the Dove assume?

XVIII.

From the old Germanic chaos hath there risen
  A happier order of established things?
And is the Italian Mind from papal prison
  Set free to soar upon its native wings?
Or look to Spain, and let her Despot tell
If there thy high-raised hopes are answered well!

XIX.

At that appeal my spirit breathed a groan,
  But he triumphantly pursued his speech:
O Child of Earth, he cried with loftier tone,
  The present and the past one lesson teach!
Look where thou wilt, the history of man
Is but a thorny maze, without a plan!

XX.

The winds which have in viewless heaven their birth,
The waves which in their fury meet the clouds,
The central storms which shake the solid earth,
And from volcanoes burst in fiery floods,
Are not more vague and purportless and blind,
Than is the course of things among mankind!

XXI.

Rash hands unravel what the wise have spun;
Realms which in story fill so large a part,
Reared by the strong are by the weak undone;
Barbarians overthrow the work of art,
And what force spares is sapt by sure decay, . .
So earthly things are changed and pass away.

XXII.

And think not thou thy England hath a spell,
  That she this general fortune should elude;
Easier to crush the foreign foe, than quell
  The malice which misleads the multitude,
And that dread malady of erring zeal,
Which like a cancer eats into the commonweal.

XXIII.

The fabric of her power is undermined;
  The earthquake underneath it will have way,
And all that glorious structure, as the wind
  Scatters a summer cloud, be swept away:
For Destiny on this terrestrial ball
Drives on her iron car, and crushes all.

XXIV.

Thus as he ended, his mysterious form
  Enlarged, grew dim, and vanished from my view.
At once on all sides rushed the gathered storm,
  The thunders rolled around, the wild winds blew,
And as the tempest round the summit beat,
The whole frail fabric shook beneath my feet.

III.

THE SACRED MOUNTAIN.

I.

But then methought I heard a voice exclaim,
Hither my Son, Oh hither take thy flight!
A heavenly voice which called me by my name,
And bade me hasten from that treacherous height:
The voice it was which I was wont to hear,
Sweet as a Mother's to her infant's ear.

II.

I hesitated not, but at the call
  Sprung from the summit of that tottering tower.
There is a motion known in dreams to all,
  When buoyant by some self-sustaining power,
Through air we seem to glide, as if set free
From all encumbrance of mortality.

III.

Thus borne aloft I reached the Sacred Hill,
  And left the scene of tempests far behind:
But that old tempter's parting language still
  Prest like a painful burthen on my mind;
The troubled soul had lost her inward light,
And all within was black as Erebus and Night.

IV.

The Thoughts which I had known in youth returned,
But oh how changed! a sad and spectral train:
And while for all the miseries past I mourned,
And for the lives which had been given in vain,
In sorrow and in fear I turned mine eye
From the dark aspects of futurity.

V.

I sought the thickest woodland's shade profound,
As suited best my melancholy mood,
And cast myself upon the gloomy ground.
When lo! a gradual radiance filled the wood;
A heavenly presence rose upon my view,
And in that form divine the aweful Muse I knew.

VI.

Hath then that Spirit false perplexed thy heart,
O thou of little faith! severe she cried.
Bear with me Goddess, heavenly as thou art,
Bear with my earthly nature! I replied,
And let me pour into thine ear my grief:
Thou canst enlighten, thou canst give relief.

VII.

The ploughshare had gone deep, the sower's hand
Had scattered in the open soil the grain;
The harrow too had well prepared the land;
I looked to see the fruit of all this pain! . .
Alas! the thorns and old inveterate weed
Have sprung again, and stifled the good seed.

VIII.

I hoped that Italy should break her chains,
  Foreign and papal, with the world's applause,
Knit in firm union her divided reigns,
  And rear a well-built pile of equal laws:
Then might the wrongs of Venice be forgiven,
And joy should reach Petrarca's soul in Heaven.

IX.

I hoped that that abhorred Idolatry
  Had in the strife received its mortal wound:
The Souls which from beneath the Altar cry,
  At length, I thought, had their just vengeance found;..
In purple and in scarlet clad, behold
The Harlot sits, adorned with gems and gold!

X.

The golden cup she bears full to the brim
Of her abominations as of yore!
Her eyeballs with inebriate triumph swim;
Tho' drunk with righteous blood she thirsts for more,
Eager to reassert her influence fell,
And once again let loose the Dogs of Hell.

XI.

Woe for that people too who by their path
For these late triumphs first made plain the way;
Whom in the Valley of the Shade of Death
No fears nor fiery sufferings could dismay:
Art could not tempt, nor violence enthrall
Their firm devotion, faithful found thro' all.

XII.

Strange race of haughty heart and stubborn will,
 Slavery they love and chains with pride they wear;
Inflexible alike in good or ill,
 The inveterate stamp of servitude they bear.
Oh fate perverse, to see all change withstood,
There only where all change must needs be good!

XIII.

But them nor foe can force, nor friend persuade;
 Impassive souls in iron forms inclosed,
As though of human mould they were not made,
 But of some sterner elements composed,
Against offending nations to be sent,
The ruthless ministers of punishment.

XIV.

Where are those Minas after that career
  Wherewith all Europe rang from side to side?
In exile wandering! Where the Mountaineer, ..
  Late, like Pelayo, the Asturian's pride?
Had Ferdinand no mercy for that life,
Exposed so long for him in daily, .. hourly strife!

XV.

From her Athenian orator of old
  Greece never listened to sublimer strain
Than that with which, for truth and freedom bold,
  Quintana moved the inmost soul of Spain.
What meed is his let Ferdinand declare ...
Chains, and the silent dungeon, and despair!

XVI.

For this hath England borne so brave a part!
Spent with endurance, or in battle slain,
Is it for this so many an English heart
Lies mingled with the insensate soil of Spain!
Is this the issue, this the happy birth
In those long throes and that strong agony brought forth!

XVII.

And oh! if England's fatal hour draw nigh, . .
If that most glorious edifice should fall
By the wild hands of bestial Anarchy, . .
Then might it seem that He who ordereth all
Doth take for sublunary things no care : . .
The burthen of that thought is more than I can bear.

XVIII.

Even as a mother listens to her child
  My plaint the Muse divine benignant heard,
Then answered in reproving accents mild,
  What if thou seest the fruit of hope deferred,
Dost thou for this in faltering faith repine?
A manlier, wiser virtue should be thine!

XIX.

Ere the good seed can give its fruit in Spain,
  The light must shine on that bedarkened land,
And Italy must break her papal chain,
  Ere the soil answer to the sower's hand;
For till the sons their fathers' fault repent,
The old error brings its direful punishment.

XX.

Hath not experience bade the wise man see
Poor hope from innovations premature?
All sudden change is ill: slow grows the tree,
Which in its strength through ages shall endure.
In that ungrateful earth it long may lie
Dormant, but fear not that the seed should die.

XXI.

Falsely that Tempter taught thee that the past
Was but a blind inextricable maze:
Falsely he taught that evil overcast
With gathering tempests these propitious days,
That he in subtle snares thy soul might bind,
And rob thee of thy hopes for humankind

XXII.

He told thee the beginning and the end
  Were indistinguishable all, and dark;
And when from his vain Tower he bade thee bend
  Thy curious eye, well knew he that no spark
Of heavenly light would reach the baffled sense,
The mists of earth lay round him all too dense.

XXIII.

Must I, as thou hadst chosen the evil part,
  Tell thee that Man is free and God is good?
These primal truths are rooted in thy heart:
  But these being rightly felt and understood,
Should bring with them a hope, calm, constant, sure,
Patient, and on the rock of faith secure.

XXIV.

The Monitress Divine, as thus she spake,
Induced me gently on, ascending still,
And thus emerging from that mournful brake
We drew toward the summit of the hill,
And reached a green and sunny place, so fair
As well with long-lost Eden might compare.

XXV.

Broad cedars grew around that lovely glade,
Exempted from decay, and never sere,
Their wide-spread boughs diffused a fragrant shade;
The cypress incorruptible was here,
With fluted stem, and head aspiring high,
Nature's proud column, pointing to the sky.

XXVI.

There too the vigorous olive in its pride,
As in its own Apulian soil unchecked,
Towered high, and spread its willowy foliage wide:
With liveliest hues the mead beneath was decked,
Gift of that grateful tree, that with its root
Repays the earth from whence it feeds its fruit.

XXVII.

There too the sacred bay, of brighter green,
Exalted its rejoicing head on high:
And there the martyrs' holier palm was seen
Waving its plumage as the breeze went by.
All fruits which ripen under genial skies
Grew there as in another Paradise.

XXVIII.

And over all that lovely glade there grew
All wholesome roots and plants of healing power;
The herb of grace, the medicinal rue,
The poppy rich in worth as gay in flower;
The heart's-ease that delighteth every eye,
And sage divine and virtuous euphrasy.

XXIX.

Unwounded here Judæa's balm distilled
Its precious juice; the snowy jasmine here
Spread its luxuriant tresses wide, and filled
With fragrance the delicious atmosphere;
More piercing still did orange-flowers dispense
From golden groves the purest joy of sense.

XXX.

As low it lurked the tufted moss between,
The violet there its modest perfume shed,
Like humble virtue, rather felt than seen :
And here the Rose of Sharon reared its head,
The glory of all flowers, to sense and sight
Yielding their full contentment of delight.

XXXI.

A gentle river wound its quiet way
Thro' this sequestered glade, meandering wide;
Smooth as a mirror here the surface lay ;
Where the pure lotus floating in its pride,
Enjoyed the breath of heaven, the sun's warm beam,
And the cool freshness of its native stream.

XXXII.

Here o'er green weeds whose tresses waved outspread,
With silent lapse the glassy waters run:
Here in fleet motion o'er a pebbly bed
Gliding they glance and ripple to the sun:
The stirring breeze that swept them in its flight,
Raised on the stream a shower of sparkling light.

XXXIII.

And all sweet birds sung there their lays of love;
The mellow thrush, the black-bird loud and shrill;
The rapturous nightingale that shook the grove,
Made the ears vibrate and the heart-strings thrill;
The ambitious lark, that soaring in the sky,
Poured forth her lyric strain of ecstacy.

XXXIV.

Sometimes when that wild chorus intermits,
The linnet's song was heard amid the trees,
A low sweet voice; and sweeter still, at fits
The ring-dove's wooing came upon the breeze;
While with the wind which moved the leaves among,
The murmuring waters joined in undersong.

XXXV.

The hare disported here and feared no ill,
For never evil thing that glade came nigh;
The sheep were free to wander at their will,
As needing there no earthly shepherd's eye;
The bird sought no concealment for her nest,
So perfect was the peace wherewith those bowers were blest.

XXXVI.

All blending thus with all in one delight,
The soul was soothed and satisfied and filled:
This mingled bliss of sense and sound and sight,
The flow of boisterous mirth might there have stilled,
And sinking in the gentle spirit deep,
Have touched those strings of joy which make us weep.

XXXVII.

Even thus in earthly gardens had it been,
If earthly gardens might with these compare;
But more than all such influences I ween
There was a heavenly virtue in the air,
Which laid all vain perplexing thoughts to rest,
And healed and calmed and purified the breast.

XXXVIII.

Then said I to that guide divine, My soul
When here we entered, was o'ercharged with grief,
For evil doubts which I could not controul
Beset my troubled spirit. This relief, . .
This change, . . whence are they? Almost it might seem
I never lived till now; . . all else had been a dream.

XXXIX.

My heavenly teacher answered, Say not *seem*; . .
In this place all things *are* what they appear;
And they who feel the past a feverish dream,
Wake to reality on entering here.
These waters are the Well of Life, and lo!
The Rock of Ages there, from whence they flow.

XL.

Saying thus we came upon an inner glade,
The holiest place that human eyes might see;
For all that vale was like a temple made
By Nature's hand, and this the sanctuary;
Where in its bed of living rock, the Rood
Of man's redemption, firmly-planted stood,

XLI.

And at its foot the never-failing Well
Of Life profusely flowed that all might drink.
Most blessed water! Neither tongue can tell
The blessedness thereof, nor heart can think,
Save only those to whom it hath been given
To taste of that divinest gift of Heaven.

XLII.

There grew a goodly Tree this Well beside, . .
  Behold a branch from Eden planted here,
Plucked from the Tree of Knowledge, said my guide.
  O Child of Adam, put away thy fear, . .
In thy first father's grave it hath its root;
Taste thou the bitter, but the wholesome fruit.

XLIII.

In awe I heard, and trembled, and obeyed:
  The bitterness was even as of death;
I felt a cold and piercing thrill pervade
  My loosened limbs, and losing sight and breath,
To earth I should have fallen in my despair,
Had I not clasped the Cross and been supported there.

XLIV.

My heart, I thought, was bursting with the force
Of that most fatal fruit; soul-sick I felt,
And tears ran down in such continuous course,
As if the very eyes themselves should melt.
But then I heard my heavenly teacher say,
Drink, and this mortal stound will pass away.

XLV.

I stoopt and drank of that divinest Well,
Fresh from the Rock of Ages where it ran.
It had a heavenly quality to quell
My pain: .. I rose a renovated man,
And would not now when that relief was known
For worlds the needful suffering have foregone.

XLVI.

Even as the Eagle (ancient storyers say)
When faint with years she feels her flagging wing,
Soars up toward the mid sun's piercing ray,
Then filled with fire into some living spring
Plunges, and casting there her aged plumes,
The vigorous strength of primal youth resumes:

XLVII.

Such change in me that blessed Water wrought:
The bitterness which from its fatal root,
The tree derived with painful healing fraught,
Passed clean away; and in its place the fruit
Produced by virtue of that wondrous wave,
The savour which in paradise it gave.

XLVIII.

Now, said the heavenly Muse, thou mayst advance,
Fitly prepared toward the mountain's height.
O Child of Man, this necessary trance
Hath purified from flaw thy mortal sight,
That with scope unconfined of vision free,
Thou the beginning and the end mayst see.

XLIX.

She took me by the hand and on we went;
Hope urged me forward and my soul was strong.
With winged speed we scaled the steep ascent,
Nor seemed the labour difficult or long,
Ere on the summit of the sacred hill
Upraised I stood, where I might gaze my fill.

L.

Below me lay, unfolded like a scroll,
  The boundless region where I wandered late,
Where I might see realms spread and oceans roll,
  And mountains from their cloud-surmounting state
Dwarfed like a map beneath the excursive sight,
So ample was the range from that commanding height.

LI.

Eastward with darkness round on every side,
  An eye of light was in the farthest sky.
Lo, the beginning! . . said my heavenly Guide:
  The steady ray which there thou canst descry,
Comes from lost Eden, from the primal land
Of man "waved over by the fiery brand."

LII.

Look now toward the end! no mists obscure,
Nor clouds will there impede the strengthened sight:
Unblenched thine eye the vision may endure.
I looked, . . surrounded with effulgent light
More glorious than all glorious hues of even,
The Angel Death stood there in the open Gate of Heaven.

IV.

THE HOPES OF MAN.

I.

Now, said my heavenly Teacher, all is clear!..
Bear the Beginning and the End in mind,
The course of human things will then appear
Beneath its proper laws: and thou wilt find,
Through all their seeming labyrinth, the plan
Which "vindicates the ways of God to Man."

II.

Free choice doth man possess of good or ill,
All were but mockery else. From Wisdom's way
Too oft perverted by the tainted will
Is his rebellious nature drawn astray;
Therefore an inward monitor is given,
A voice that answers to the law of Heaven.

III.

Frail as he is, and as an infant weak,
The knowledge of his weakness is his strength;
For succour is vouchsafed to those who seek
In humble faith sincere; and when at length
Death sets the disembodied spirit free,
According to their deeds their lot shall be.

IV.

Thus, should the chance of private fortune raise
  A transitory doubt, Death answers all.
And in the scale of nations, if the ways
  Of Providence mysterious we may call,
Yet rightly viewed, all history doth impart
Comfort and hope and strength to the believing heart.

V.

For through the lapse of ages may the course
  Of moral good progressive still be seen,
Though mournful dynasties of Fraud and Force,
  Dark Vice and purblind Ignorance intervene;
Empires and nations rise, decay and fall,
But still the Good survives and perseveres thro' all.

VI.

Yea even in those most lamentable times,
When every-where to wars and woes a prey,
Earth seemed but one wide theatre of crimes,
Good unperceived hath worked its silent way,
And all those dread convulsions did but clear
The obstructed path to give it free career.

VII.

But deem not thou some over-ruling Fate,
Directing all things with benign decree,
Through all the turmoil of this mortal state,
Appoints that what is best shall therefore be;
Even as from man his future doom proceeds,
So nations rise or fall according to their deeds.

VIII.

Light at the first was given to humankind,
And Law was written in the human heart.
If they forsake the Light, perverse of mind,
And wilfully prefer the evil part,
Then to their own devices are they left,
By their own choice of Heaven's support bereft.

IX.

The individual culprit may sometimes
Unpunished to his after reckoning go:
Not thus collective man,.. for public crimes
Draw on their proper punishment below;
When nations go astray, from age to age
The effects remain, a fatal heritage.

X.

Bear witness Egypt thy huge monuments
Of priestly fraud and tyranny austere!
Bear witness thou whose only name presents
All holy feelings to religion dear, ..
In Earth's dark circlet once the precious gem
Of living light, .. O fallen Jerusalem!

XI.

See barbarous Africa, on every side
To error, wretchedness, and crimes resigned!
Behold the vicious Orient, far and wide
Enthralled in slavery! as the human mind
Corrupts and goes to wreck, Earth sickens there,
And the contagion taints the ambient air.

XIV.

They had the Light, and from the Light they turned;
  What marvel if they grope in darkness lost?
They had the Law; . . God's natural Law they scorned,
  And chusing error, thus they pay the cost!
Wherever Falsehood and Oppression reign,
There degradation follows in their train.

XV.

What then in these late days had Europe been, . .
  This moral, intellectual heart of earth, . .
From which the nations who lie dead in sin
  Should one day yet receive their second birth, . .
To what had she been sunk if brutal Force
Had taken unrestrained its impious course!

XVI.

The Light had been extinguished, .. this be sure
  The first wise aim of conscious Tyranny,
Which knows it may not with the Light endure:
  But where Light is not, Freedom cannot be;
"Where Freedom is not, there no Virtue is;"
Where Virtue is not, there no Happiness.

XVII.

If among hateful Tyrants of all times
  For endless execration handed down,
One may be found surpassing all in crimes,
  One that for infamy should bear the crown,
Napoleon is that man, in guilt the first,
Preeminently bad among the worst.

XVIII.

For not, like Scythian conquerors, did he tread
From his youth up the common path of blood;
Nor like some Eastern Tyrant was he bred
In sensual harems, ignorant of good;..
Their vices from the circumstance have grown,
His by deliberate purpose were his own.

XIX.

Not led away by circumstance he erred,
But from the wicked heart his error came:
By Fortune to the highest place preferred,
He sought thro' evil means an evil aim,
And all his ruthless measures were designed
To enslave, degrade, and brutalize mankind.

XX.

Some barbarous dream of empire to fulfil,
Those iron ages he would have restored,
When Law was but the ruffian soldier's will,
Might governed all, the sceptre was the sword,
And Peace, not elsewhere finding where to dwell,
Sought a sad refuge in the convent-cell.

XXI.

Too far had he succeeded! In his mould
An evil generation had been framed,
By no religion tempered or controlled,
By foul examples of all crimes inflamed,
Of faith, of honour, of compassion void; . .
Such were the fitting agents he employed.

XXII.

Believing as yon lying Spirit taught,
They to that vain philosophy held fast,
And trusted that as they began from nought,
To nothing they should needs return at last;
Hence no restraint of conscience, no remorse,
But every baleful passion took its course.

XXIII.

And had they triumphed, Earth had once again,
To Violence subdued, and impious Pride,
Verged to such state of wickedness, as when
The Giantry of old their God defied,
And Heaven, impatient of a world like this,
Opened its flood-gates, and broke up the abyss.

XXIV.

That danger is gone by. On Waterloo
The Tyrant's fortune in the scale was weighed, ..
His fortune and the World's, .. and England threw
Her sword into the balance . . . down it swayed:
And when in battle first he met that foe,
There he received his mortal overthrow.

XXV.

O my brave Countrymen, with that I said,
For then my heart with transport overflowed,
O Men of England ! nobly have ye paid
The debt which to your ancestors ye owed,
And gathered for your children's heritage
A glory that shall last from age to age !

XXVI.

And we did well when on our Mountain's height
  For Waterloo we raised the festal flame,
And in our triumph taught the startled night
  To ring with Wellington's victorious name,
Making the far-off mariner admire
To see the crest of Skiddaw plumed with fire.

XXVII.

The Moon who had in silence visited
  His lonely summit from the birth of time,
That hour an unavailing splendour shed,
  Lost in the effulgence of the flame sublime,
In whose broad blaze rejoicingly we stood,
And all below a depth of blackest solitude.

XXVIII.

Fit theatre for this great joy we chose;
For never since above the abating Flood
Emerging, first that pinnacle arose,
Had cause been given for deeper gratitude,
For prouder joy to every English heart,
When England had so well performed her arduous part.

XXIX.

The Muse replied with gentle smile benign, . .
Well mayst thou praise the land that gave thee birth,
And bless the Fate which made that country thine;
For of all ages and all parts of earth,
To chuse thy time and place did Fate allow,
Wise choice would be this England and this Now.

XXX.

From bodily and mental bondage, there
Hath Man his full emancipation gained;
The viewless and illimitable air
Is not more free than Thought; all unrestrained,
Nor pined in want, nor sunk in sensual sloth,
There may the immortal Mind attain its growth.

XXXI.

There under Freedom's tutelary wing,
Deliberate Courage fears no human foe;
There undefiled as in their native spring,
The living waters of Religion flow;
There like a beacon the transmitted Light
Conspicuous to all nations burneth bright.

XXXII.

The virtuous will she hath, which should aspire
To spread the sphere of happiness and light:
She hath the power to answer her desire,
The wisdom to direct her power aright;
The will, the power, the wisdom thus combined,
What glorious prospects open on mankind!

XXXIII.

Behold! she cried, and lifting up her hand,
The shaping elements obeyed her will; ..
A vapour gathered round our lofty stand,
Rolled in thick volumes o'er the Sacred Hill;
Descending then, its surges far and near
Filled all the wide subjacent atmosphere.

XXXIV.

As I have seen from Skiddaw's stony height
  The fleecy clouds scud round me on their way,
Condense beneath, and hide the vale from sight,
  Then opening, just disclose where Derwent lay
Burnished with sunshine like a silver shield,
Or old Enchanter's glass, for magic forms fit field;

XXXV.

So at her will, in that receding sheet
  Of mist wherewith the world was overlaid,
A living picture moved beneath our feet.
  A spacious City first was there displayed,
The seat where England from her ancient reign
Doth rule the Ocean as her own domain.

XXXVI.

In splendour with those famous cities old,
Whose power it hath surpassed, it now might vie;
Thro' many a bridge the wealthy river rolled;
Aspiring columns reared their heads on high,
Triumphal arches spanned the roads, and gave
Due guerdon to the memory of the brave.

XXXVII.

A landscape followed, such as might compare
With Flemish fields for well-requited toil:
The wonder-working hand had every where
Subdued all circumstance of stubborn soil;
In fen and moor reclaimed rich gardens smiled,
And populous hamlets rose amid the wild.

THE TANJORE MA... SWATI MAHAL.

XXXVII.

There the old seaman on his native shore
  Enjoyed the competence deserved so well;
The soldier, his dread occupation o'er,
  Of well-rewarded service loved to tell;
The grey-haired labourer there whose work was done,
In comfort saw the day of life go down.

XXXIX.

Such was the lot of eld; for childhood there
  The duties which belong to life was taught:
The good seed early sown, and nurst with care,
  This bounteous harvest in its season brought:
Thus youth for manhood, manhood for old age
Prepared, and found their weal in every stage.

XL.

Enough of knowledge unto all was given
  In wisdom's way to guide their steps on earth,
And make the immortal spirit fit for heaven.
  This needful learning was their right of birth;
Further might each who chose it persevere;
No mind was lost for lack of culture here.

XLI.

And that whole happy region swarmed with life, . .
  Village and town; . . as busy bees in spring
In sunny days when sweetest flowers are rife,
  Fill fields and gardens with their murmuring.
Oh joy to see the State in perfect health!
Her numbers were her pride and power and wealth.

XLII.

Then saw I, as the magic picture moved,
  Her shores enriched with many a port and pier;
No gift of liberal Nature unimproved.
  The seas their never-failing harvest here
Supplied, as bounteous as the air which fed
Israel, when manna fell from heaven for bread.

XLIII.

Many a tall vessel in her harbours lay,
  About to spread its canvas to the breeze,
Bound upon happy errand to convey
  The adventurous colonist beyond the seas,
Toward those distant lands where Britain blest
With her redundant life the East and West.

XL IV.

The landscape changed;.. a region next was seen,
  Where sable swans on rivers yet unfound
Glided thro' broad savannahs ever-green;
  Innumerous flocks and herds were feeding round,
And scattered farms appeared and hamlets fair,
And rising towns which made another Britain there.

XLV.

Then thick as stars which stud the moonless sky,
  Green islands in a peaceful sea were seen;
Darkened no more with blind idolatry,
  Nor curst with hideous usages obscene,
But healed of leprous crimes, from butchering strife
Delivered, and reclaimed to moral life.

XLVI.

Around the rude Morai, the temple now
  Of truth, hosannahs to the Holiest rung:
There from the Christian's equal marriage-vow,
  In natural growth the household virtues sprung:
Children were taught the paths of heavenly peace,
And age in hope looked on to its release.

XLVII.

The light those happy Islanders enjoyed,
  Good messengers from Britain had conveyed;
(Where might such bounty wiselier be employed?)
  One people with their teachers were they made,
Their arts, their language, and their faith the same,
And blest in all, for all they blest the British name.

XLVIII.

Then rose a different land, where loftiest trees
High o'er the grove their fan-like foliage rear;
Where spicy bowers upon the passing breeze
Diffuse their precious fragrance far and near;
And yet untaught to bend his massive knee,
Wisest of brutes, the elephant roams free.

XLIX.

Ministrant there to health and public good,
The busy axe was heard on every side,
Opening new channels, that the noxious wood
With wind and sunshine might be purified,
And that wise Government, the general friend,
Might every where its eye and arm extend.

L.

The half-brutal Bedah came from his retreat,
To human life by human kindness won;
The Cingalese beheld that work compleat
Which Holland in her day had well begun;
The Candian, prospering under Britain's reign,
Blest the redeeming hand which broke his chain.

LI.

Colours and castes were heeded there no more;
Laws which depraved, degraded, and opprest,
Were laid aside, for on that happy shore
All men with equal liberty were blest;
And thro' the land, the breeze upon its swells
Bore the sweet music of the sabbath bells.

LII.

Again the picture changed; those Isles I saw
  With every crime thro' three long centuries curst,
While unrelenting Avarice gave the law;
  Scene of the injured Indians' sufferings first,
Then doomed, for Europe's lasting shame, to see
The wider-wasting guilt of Slavery.

LIII.

That foulest blot had been at length effaced;
  Slavery was gone, and all the power it gave,
Whereby so long our nature was debased,
  Baleful alike to master and to slave.
O lovely Isles! ye were indeed a sight
To fill the spirit with intense delight!

LIV.

For willing industry and chearful toil
  Performed their easy task, with Hope to aid;
And the free children of that happy soil
  Dwelt each in peace beneath his cocoa's shade;..
A race, who with the European mind,
The adapted mould of Africa combined.

LV.

Anon, methought that in a spacious Square
  Of some great town the goodly ornament,
Three statues I beheld, of sculpture fair:
  These, said the Muse, are they whom one consent
Shall there deem worthy of the purest fame,..
Knowest thou who best such gratitude may claim ?

LVI.

Clarkson, I answered, first; whom to have seen
And known in social hours may be my pride,
Such friendship being praise: and one, I ween,
Is Wilberforce, placed rightly at his side,
Whose eloquent voice in that great cause was heard
So oft and well. But who shall be the third?

LVII.

Time, said my Teacher, will reveal the name
Of him who with these worthies shall enjoy
The equal honour of enduring fame; . .
He who the root of evil shall destroy,
And from our Laws shall blot the accursed word
Of Slave, shall rightly stand with them preferred.

LVIII.

Enough! the Goddess cried; with that the cloud
  Obeyed, and closed upon the magic scene:
Thus much, quoth she, is to thine hopes allowed;
  Ills may impede, delays may intervene,
But scenes like these the coming age will bless,
If England but pursue the course of righteousness.

LIX.

On she must go progressively in good,
  In wisdom and in weal, . . or she must wane.
Like Ocean, she may have her ebb and flood,
  But stagnates not. And now her path is plain:
Heaven's first command she may fulfil in peace,
Replenishing the earth with her increase.

LX.

Peace she hath won, . . with her victorious hand
Hath won thro' rightful war auspicious peace,
Nor this alone, but that in every land
The withering rule of violence may cease.
Was ever War with such blest victory crowned!
Did ever Victory with such fruits abound!

LXI.

Rightly for this shall all good men rejoice,
They most who most abhor all deeds of blood;
Rightly for this with reverential voice
Exalt to Heaven their hymns of gratitude;
For ne'er till now did Heaven thy country bless
With such transcendant cause for joy and thankfulness.

LXII.

If they in heart all tyranny abhor,
This was the fall of Freedom's direst foe :
If they detest the impious lust of war,
Here hath that passion had its overthrow ; . .
As the best prospects of mankind are dear,
Their joy should be compleat, their prayers of praise sincere.

LXIII.

And thou to whom in spirit at this hour
The vision of thy Country's bliss is given,
Who feelest that she holds her trusted power
To do the will and spread the word of Heaven, . .
Hold fast the faith which animates thy mind,
And in thy songs proclaim the hopes of humankind.

FINIS.

NOTES.

NOTES.

The second day was that when Martel broke
The Musslemen. P. 16.

Upon this subject Miss Plumptre relates a remarkable anecdote, in the words of one of the sufferers at Lyons.

" At my entrance into the prison of the Recluse I found about twelve hundred of my fellow-citizens already immured there, distributed in different apartments. The doom of four-fifths of them at least was considered as inevitable: it was less a prison than a fold, where the innocent sheep patiently waited the hour that was to carry them to the revolutionary shambles. In this dreary abode, how long, how tedious did the days appear! they seemed to have nany more than twenty-four hours. Yet we were allowed to read and write, and were composed

enough to avail ourselves of this privilege; nay we could sometimes even so far forget our situation as to sport and gambol together. The continued images of destruction and devastation which we had before our eyes, the little hope that appeared to any of us of escaping our menaced fate, so familiarized us with the idea of death, that a stoical serenity had taken possession of our minds: we had been kept in a state of fear till the sentiment of fear was lost. All our conversation bore the character of this disposition: it was reflective but not complaining; it was serious without being melancholy; and often presented novel and striking ideas. One day, when we were conversing on the inevitable chain of events, and the irrevocable order of things, on a sudden one of our party exclaimed that we owed all our misfortunes to Charles Martel. We thought him raving; but thus he reasoned to prove his hypothesis. 'Had not Charles Martel,' said he, 'conquered the Saracens, these latter, already masters of Guienne, of Saintonge, of Perigord, and of Poitou, would soon have extended their dominion over all France, and from that time we should have had no more religious quarrels, no more state disputes; we should not now have assemblies of the people, clubs,

committees of public safety, sieges, imprisonments, bloody executions.' To this man the Turkish system of government appeared preferable to the revolutionary regime; and, all chances calculated, he preferred the bow-string of the Bashaw, rarely drawn, to the axe of the guillotine, incessantly at work."

That old siege. P. 22.

" It is uncertain what numbers were slain during the siege of Ostend, yet it is said that there was found in a commissary's pocket, who was slain before Ostend the 7th of August, before the yielding thereof, divers remarkable notes and observations, and among the rest what number died without in the archduke's camp, of every degree.

Masters of the camp	7
Colonels - - -	15
Sergeants Maiors -	29
Captaines - - -	565
Lieutenants - -	1116
Ensignes - - -	322
Sergeants - -	1911
Corporals - -	1166
Lanspisadoes - -	600

Soldiers - - -	34663
Marriners - -	611
Women and children	119

All which amount to 72124 persons; which number is not so great, considering the long siege, sickness, and the cold winters upon the sea coast, in so cold a climate, fighting against the elements. It is unknown what number died in the town, the which is thought much less, for that there were not so many in the town, who were better lodged, had more ease, and were better victualled."

GRIMESTONE'S *Hist. of the Netherlands*, *p.* 1317.

"The besieged in Ostend had certain adventuring soldiers whom they called Lopers, of the which among other captains, were the young captain Grenu, and captain Adam Van Leest. Their arms which they bore were a long and a great pike, with a flat head at the neather end thereof, to the end that it should not sink too deep into the mud, a harquebuse hung in a scarf, as we have said of Frebuters, a coutelas at his side, and his dagger about his neck, who would usually leap over a ditch four and twenty foot broad, skirmishing often

with his enemy so as no horseman could overtake them before they had leapt over the ditches againe."

Do. 1299.

"In remembrance of the long siege of Ostend, and the winning of Sluce, there were certaine counters made in the United Provinces, both of silver and copper, the one having on the one side the picture of Ostend, and on the other the towns of Rhinberk, Grave, Sluce, Ardenbourg, and the forts of Isendyke and Cadsant, with this inscription round about. '*Plus triennio obsessa, hosti rudera, patriæ quatuor ex me urbes dedi. Anno* 1604.' Ostend being more than three years besieged, gave the enemie a heap of stones, and to her native country four townes.

"The town of Utrecht did also make a triumphant peace of coyne both of gold and silver, where on the one side stood the siege of Ostend, and on the other the siege of Sluce, and all the forts and havens, and on both sides round about was graven, *Jehovah prius dederat plus quam perdidimus.*'"

Do. 1318.

Many a rich vessel from the injurious sea
Enter the bosom of thy quiet quay. P. 23.

These lines are borrowed from Quarles; .. the passage in which they occur would be very pleasing if he had not disfigured it in a most extraordinary manner.

'Saile gentle Pinnace! now the heavens are clear,
The winds blow fair: behold the harbor's neer.
Tridented Neptune hath forgot to frowne,
The rocks are past; the storme is overblowne.
Up weather-beaten voyagers and rouze ye
Forsake your loathed Cabbins; up and louze ye
Upon the open decks, and smell the land:
Cheare up, the welcome shoare is nigh at hand.
Saile gentle Pinnace with a prosperous gale
To the Isle of Peace: saile gentle Pinnace saile!
Fortune conduct thee; let thy keele divide
The silver streames, that thou maist safely slide
Into the bosome of thy quiet Key,
And quite thee fairly of the injurious Sea.

QUARLE'S *Argalus & Parthenia.*

Bruges. P. 24.

Urbs est ad miraculum pulchra, potens, amœna, says Luigi Guicciardini. Its power is gone by, but its beauty is perhaps more impressive now than in the days of its splendour and prosperity.

M. Paquet Syphorien, and many writers after him, mention the preservation of the monuments of Charles the Bold, and his daughter Mary of Burgundy, wife to the Archduke Maximilian; but they do not mention the name of the Beadle who preserved them at the imminent risque of his own life. Pierre Dezutter is this person's name. During the revolutionary frenzy, when the mob seemed to take most pleasure in destroying whatever was most venerable, he took these splendid tombs to pieces and buried them during the night, for which he was proscribed and a reward of 2000 francs set upon his head. Buonaparte, after his marriage into the Austrian family, rewarded him with 1000 francs, and gave 10,000 for ornamenting the chapel in which the tombs were replaced. This has been done with little taste.

That sisterhood whom to their rule
Of holy life no hasty vows restrain. P. 32.

The Beguines. Helyot is mistaken when he says (*t.* 8. *p.* 6,) that the Beguinage at Mechlin is the finest in all Flanders; it is not comparable to that at Ghent, which for extent and beauty may be called the Capital of the community.

Alost,
Where whilome treachery stained the English name.
P. 37.

In 1583, " the English garrison of Alost being mutinied for their pay, the Ganthois did not only refuse to give it them, but did threaten to force them out, or else to famish them. In the mean time the Prince of Parma did not let slip this opportunity to make his profit thereby, but did solicit them by fair words and promises to pay them; and these English companies, not accustomed to endure hunger and want, began to give ear unto him, for that their Colonel Sir John Norris and the States were somewhat slow to provide for their pay, for the which they intended to give order, but it was too late. For after that the English had chased away the rest of the garrison which were of the country, then did Captain Pigot, Vincent, Tailor, and others, agree to deliver up the town unto the Spaniard, giving them for their pay, which they received, thirty thousand pistolets. And so the said town was delivered unto the Spaniard in the beginning of December, and filled with Wallons. Most of these English went to serve the Prince of Parma in his camp before Eckloo, but finding that he trusted them not, they ran in a manner all away."

GRIMESTONE, 833.

It is one proof of the improved state of general feeling in the more civilized states of Europe, that instances of this kind of treachery have long since ceased even to be suspected. During the long wars in the Netherlands, nothing was more common than for officers to change their party, .. considering war as a mere profession, in which their services, like those of a lawyer, were for the best bidder.

Then saw we Afflighem, by ruin rent. P. 38.

This magnificent Abbey was destroyed during the Revolution, .. an act of popular madness which the people in its vicinity now spoke of with unavailing regret. The library was at one time the richest in Brabant; "*celeberrima*," Luigi Guicciardini calls it, "*adeo quidem, ut quod ad libros antiquos habeatur pro locupletissima simul et laudatissima universa istius tractus.*" The destruction of books during the Revolution was deplorably great. A bookseller at Brussels told me he had himself at one time sent off five and twenty waggon-loads for waste paper, and sold more than 100,000lb. weight for the same purpose! In this manner were the convent-libraries destroyed.

Assche, for water and for cakes renowned. P. 39.

The Flemish name of these said cakes has a marvellously uncouth appearance, .. *suyker-koekxkens*, .. nevertheless they are good cakes, and are sold by Judocus de Bisschop, at the sign of the Moor, next door to the *Auberge la Tête-de-Bœuf*. This information is for those whom it may concern.

When Belgian ears were taught
The British soldier's cry, half groan, half prayer,
Breathed when his pain was more than he can bear. P. 46.

One of our coachmen, who had been employed (like all his fraternity) in removing the wounded, asked us what was the meaning of the English word *O Lord!* for thus, he said, the wounded were continually crying out.

Brabant thro' all her cities felt the sound. P. 47.

The battle of the 18th was heard throughout the whole of Brabant, and in some directions far beyond it. It was distinctly perceived at Herve; and I have been assured, incredible as it may seem, that it was perceived at Amiens. The firing on the 16th was heard at Antwerp, .. not that of the 18th, though the scene of action was nearer.

Here Castanaza reared a votive fane. P. 51.

The following dedicatory inscription is placed over the portico of Waterloo Church.

D. O. M.
Et D. D. Josepho et Annæ
Hoc Sacellum
Pro Desiderata Dominiis Catholicis
Caroli. 2. Hisp. Ind. Regis Belg. Principis Prosapia
Fran. Ant. Agurto Marchio de Castanaca Belg. Guberntor.

The *a* in *Gubernator* has been left out, either by the mistake of the workmen, or for want of room.

Carlos II. of Spain, one of the most wretched of men, married for his first wife Marie Louise, Lewis the Fourteenth's niece. A curious instance of the public anxiety that she should produce an heir to the throne is preserved by Florez in his *Memorias de las Reynas Catholicas.* When she had been married two years without issue, this strange epigram, if so it may be called, was circulated.

Parid bella Flor de Lis
En affliccion tan estraña:
Si París, París à España,
Si no París, à Paris.

Florez describes the dress of the bride at her

espousals: it was a robe of murray velvet embroidered with fleur de lys of gold trimmed with ermine and jewels, and with a train of seven ells long;.. the princesses of the blood had all long trains, but not so long, the length being according to their proximity to the throne. The description of a Queen's dress accorded well with the antiquarian pursuits of Florez; but it is amusing to observe some of the expressions of this laborious writer, a monk of the most rigid habits, whose life was spent in severe study and in practices of mortification. In her head-dress, he says, she wore porcelain pins which supported large diamonds,.. *y convertian en cielo aquel poco de tierræ*, and at the ball after the espousals, *el Christianissimo danzó con la Catholica.* These appellations sound almost as oddly as Messrs. Bogue and Bennett's description of St. Paul in a minuet, and Timothy at a card-table.

This poor Queen lived eight years with a husband whose mind and body were equally debilitated. Never were the miseries of a mere state-marriage more lamentably exemplified. In her last illness, when she was advised to implore the prayers of a personage who was living in the odour of sanctity for her recovery, she replied, Certainly I will not;..

it would be folly to ask for a life which is worth so little. And when toward the last her Confessor enquired if any thing troubled her, her answer was, that she was in perfect peace, and rejoiced that she was dying, .. *en paz me hallo Padre, y muy gustosa de morir*. She died on the 12th of February; and such was the solicitude for an heir to the monarchy, that on the 15th of May a second marriage was concluded for the King.

Plain tablets by the soldier's hand
Raised to his comrades in a foreign land. P. 52.

The inscriptions in the church are as follows.

Sacred
to the memory
of

Lt. Col. Edward Stables
——— Sir Francis D'Oyley, K. C. B.
——— Charles Thomas
——— William Miller
——— William Henry Milner
Capt. Robert Adair
—— Edward Grose
—— Newton Chambers
—— Thomas Brown

Ensign Edward Pardoe
—— James Lord Hay
—— the Hon. S. S. P. Barrington
of
His Britannic Majesty's
First Regiment of Foot Guards,
who fell gloriously in the battle
of Quatre Bras and Wateloo*, on
the 16th and 18th of June,
1815.
The Officers of the
Regiment have erected this
Monument in commemoration
of the fall of their
Gallant Companions.

To
the Memory
of
Major Edwin Griffith,
Lt. Isaac Sherwood, and
Lt. Henry Buckley
Officers in the XV King's Regiment of Hussars
(British)

* The word is thus mis-spelt.

who fell in the battle of
Waterloo,
June 18, 1815.
This stone was erected by the Officers
of that Regiment,
as a testimony of their respect.

Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.

The two following are the epitaphs in the church-yard:

D. O. M.

Sacred to the Memory of Lieutenant-Colonel Fitz Gerald, of the Second Regiment of Life Guards of his Britannic Majesty, who fell gloriously at the battle of La Belle Alliance, near this town, on the 18th of June, 1815, in the 41st year of his life, deeply and deservedly regretted by his family and friends. To a manly loftiness of soul he united all the virtues that could render him an ornament to his profession, and to private and social life.

Aux manes du plus verteux des hommes generalement estime et regrette de sa famille et de ses amis, le Lieutenant Colonel Richard Fitz Gerald, de la Gard du Corps de sa Majeste Britannique,

tue gloriemement a la battaile de la Belle Alliance, le 18 June, 1815.

R. I. P.

D. O. M.

Ici repose le Colonel
De Langrehr, Commandant
le premier Bataillon de
Bremen, Blessé a Mort a
la Battaile de Waterloo,
le 18 June, 1815, et enterré
le lendemain, agé
de 40 ans.

R. I. P.

Lord Uxbridge's leg is buried in a garden opposite to the inn, or rather public-house, at Waterloo. The owner of the house in which the amputation was performed considers it as a relic which has fallen to his share. He had deposited it at first behind the house, but as he intended to plant a tree upon the spot, he considered, that as the ground there was not his own property, the boys might injure or destroy the tree, and therefore he removed the leg into his own garden, where it lies in a proper sort of coffin, under a mound of earth about

three or four feet in diameter. A tuft of Michaelmas daisies was in blossom upon this mound when we were at Waterloo; but this was a temporary ornament: in November the owner meant to plant a weeping willow there. He was obliging enough to give me a copy of an epitaph which he had prepared, and which, he said, was then in the stone-cutter's hands. It is as follows:

Ci est enterrée la Jambe de l'illustre, brave, et vaillant Comte Uxbridge, Lieutenant General, Commandant en Chef la Cavalerie Angloise, Belge, et Hollandoise; blessé le 18 Juin, 1815, a la memorable battaille de Waterloo; qui par son heroisme a concouru au triomphe de la cause du Genre humain, glorieusement decidée par l'eclatante victoire du dit jour.

When Marlborough here, victorious in his might,
Surprized the French, and smote them in their flight.

P. 54.

A detachment of the French was entrenched at Waterloo Chapel, August 1705, when the Duke of Marlborough advanced to attack the French army at Over Ysche, and this detachment was destroyed with great slaughter. *(Echard's Gazetteer.)* The Sieur La Lande says, " *on donne la chasse à un parte*

François qui etoit a Waterloo." Marlborough was prevented by the Deputies of the States from pursuing his advantage, and attacking the enemy, at a time when he made sure of victory.

Hist. de l'Empereur Charles VI. T. 2, P. 80.

Mount St. John,
The hamlet which the Highlanders that day
Preserved from spoil. P. 56.

The peasant who led us over the field resided at this hamlet. Mont St. Jean was every thing to him, and his frequent exclamations of admiration for the courage of the Highlanders in particular, and indeed of the whole army, always ended with a reference to his own dwelling-place: "if they had not fought so well, *Oh mon Dieu,* Mont St. Jean would have been burnt."

This was an intelligent man, of very impressive countenance and manners. Like all the peasantry with whom we conversed, he spoke with the bitterest hatred of Buonaparte, as the cause of all the slaughter and misery he had witnessed, and repeatedly expressed his astonishment that he had not been put to death. My house, said he, was full of the wounded:..it was nothing but sawing off

legs and sawing off arms. Oh my God, and all for one man! Why did you not put him to death? I myself would have put him to death with my own hand.

Small theatre for such a tragedy. P. 57.

So important a battle perhaps was never before fought within so small an extent of ground. I computed the distance between Hougoumont and Papelot at three miles; in a straight line it might probably not exceed two and a half.

Our guide was very much displeased at the name which the battle had obtained in England. Why call it the battle of Waterloo? he said, . . call it Mont St. Jean, call it La Belle Alliance, call it Hougoumont, call it La Haye Sainte, call it Papelot, . . any thing but Waterloo.

Admiring Belgium saw
The youth proved worthy of his destined crown. P. 59.

A man at Les Quatre Bras, who spoke with the usual enthusiasm of the Prince of Orange's conduct in the campaign, declared that he fought "like a devil on horseback." Looking at a portrait of the Queen of the Netherlands, a lady observed that there was a resemblance to the Prince; a young

Fleming was quite angry at this, . . he could not bear that his hero should not be thought beautiful as well as brave.

Genappe. P. 83.

At the Roy d'Espagne, where we were lodged, Wellington had his head-quarters on the 17th, Buonaparte on the 18th, and Blucher on the 19th. The coachmen had told us that it was an *assez bon auberge;* but when one of them in the morning asked how we had passed the night, he observed that no one ever *slept* at Genappe, . . it was impossible, because of the continual passing of posts and coal-carts.

The Cross Roads. P. 89.

It is odd that the inscription upon the directing-post at Les Quatre Bras, (or rather boards, for they are fastened against a house,) should be given wrongly in the account of the campaign printed at Frankfort. The real directions are,

$\frac{3}{4}$ de p^{te} ver St. Douler
$\frac{2}{4}$ de p^{te} ver Genappe
$\frac{2}{4}$ de p^{te} ver Marbais
2 de p^{te} ver Frasne

spelt in this manner, and ill cut. I happened to copy it in a mood of superfluous minuteness.

A fat and jolly Walloon, who inhabited this corner house, ate his dinner in peace at twelve o'clock on the 16th, and was driven out by the balls flying about his ears at four the same day. This man described that part of the action which took place in his sight with great animation. He was particularly impressed by the rage, . . the absolute fury which the French displayed; they cursed the English while they were fighting, and cursed the precision with which the English grape shot was fired, which, said the man, was neither too high nor too low, but struck right in the middle. The last time that a British army had been in this place, the Duke of York slept in this man's bed, . . an event which the Walloon remembered with gratitude as well as pride, the Duke having given him a Louis d'or.

Oh wherefore have ye spared his head accurst. P. 95.

Among the peasantry with whom we conversed this feeling was universal. We met with many persons who disliked the union with Holland, and who hated the Prussians, but none who spoke in favour or even in palliation of Buonaparte. The

manner in which this ferocious beast, as they call him, has been treated, has given a great shock to the moral feelings of mankind. The almost general mode of accounting for it on the Continent, is by a supposition that England purposely let him loose from Elba in order to have a pretext for again attacking France, and crippling a country which she had left too strong, and which would soon have outstripped her in prosperity. I found it impossible to dispossess even men of sound judgement and great ability of this belief, preposterous as it is; and when they read the account of the luxuries which have been sent to St. Helena for the accommodation of this great criminal, they will consider it as the fullest proof of their opinion.

And now they felt the Prussian's heavy hand. P. 97.

Wherever we went we heard one cry of complaint against the Prussians, . . except at Ligny, where the people had witnessed only their courage and their sufferings. This is the effect of making the military spirit predominate in a nation. The conduct of our own men was universally extolled; but it required years of exertion and severity before Lord Wellington brought the British army to its

present state of discipline. The moral discipline of an army has never perhaps been understood by any General except the great Gustavus. Even in its best state, with all the alleviations of courtesy and honour, with all the correctives of morality and religion, war is so great an evil, that to engage in it without a clear necessity is a crime of the blackest die. When the necessity is clear, (and such, assuredly, I hold it to have been in our struggle with Buonaparte,) it then becomes a crime to shrink from it.

What I have said of the Prussians relates solely to their conduct in an allied country; and I must also say that the Prussian officers with whom I had the good fortune to associate, were men who in every respect did honour to their profession and to their country. But that the general conduct of their troops in Belgium had excited a strong feeling of disgust and indignation we had abundant and indisputable testimony. In France they had old wrongs to revenge,.. and forgiveness of injuries is not among the virtues which are taught in camps. The annexed anecdotes are reprinted from one of our newspapers, and ought to be preserved.

"A Prussian Officer, on his arrival at Paris, particularly requested to be billetted on the house

of a lady inhabiting the Fauxbourg St. Germain. His request was complied with, and on his arriving at the lady's hotel he was shewn into a small but comfortable sitting-room, with a handsome bed-chamber adjoining it. With these rooms he appeared greatly dissatisfied, and desired that the lady should give up to him her apartment, (on the first floor) which was very spacious, and very elegantly furnished. To this the lady made the strongest objections; but the Officer insisted, and she was under the necessity of retiring to the second floor. He afterwards sent a message to her by one of her servants, saying that he destined the second floor for his Aid-de-Camp, &c. &c. This occasioned more violent remonstrances from the lady, but they were totally unavailing, and unattended to by the Officer, whose only answer was, "*obéissez à mes ordres.*" He then called for the cook, and told him he must prepare a handsome dinner for six persons, and desired the lady's butler to take care that the best wines the cellar contained should be forthcoming. After dinner he desired the hostess should be sent for; . . she obeyed the summons. The Officer then addressed her, and said, "No doubt, Madam, but you consider my conduct as indecorous

and brutal in the extreme." "I must confess," replied she, "that I did not expect such treatment from an officer; as, in general, military men are ever disposed to show every degree of deference and respect to our sex." "You think me then a most perfect barbarian? answer me frankly." "If you really, then, desire my undisguised opinion of the subject, I must say, that I think your conduct truly barbarous." "Madam, I am entirely of your opinion; but I only wished to give you a specimen of the behaviour and conduct of your son, during *six months* that he resided in my house, after the entry of the French army into the Prussian capital. I do not, however, mean to follow a bad example. You will resume, therefore, your apartment to-morrow, and I will seek lodgings at some public hotel." The lady then retired, extolling the generous conduct of the Prussian officer, and deprecating that of her son."

"Another Prussian officer was lodged at the house of Marshal Ney, in whose stables and coach house he found a great number of horses and carriages. He immediately ordered some Prussian soldiers, who accompanied him, to take away *nine* of the horses and *three* of the carriages. Ney's servants violently remonstrated against this proceeding, on which the

Prussian Officer observed, "they are my property, inasmuch as your master took the same number of horses and carriages from me when he entered Berlin with the French army." I think you will agree with me, that the *lex talionis* was never more properly nor more justly resorted to."

The Martyr. P. 122.

Sir Thomas Brown writes upon this subject with his usual feeling.

"We applaud not," says he, "the judgment of Machiavel, that Christianity makes men cowards, or that, with the confidence of but half dying, the despised virtues of patience and humility have abased the spirits of men, which Pagan principles exalted; but rather regulated the wildness of audacities in the attemps, grounds, and eternal sequels of death, wherein men of the boldest spirit are often prodigiously temerarious. Nor can we extenuate the valour of ancient martyrs, who contemned death in the uncomfortable scene of their lives, and in their decrepit martyrdoms did probably lose not many months of their days, or parted with life when it was scarce worth living. For (beside that long time past holds no consideration unto a slender time to

come) they had no small disadvantage from the constitution of old age, which naturally makes men fearful, and complexionally superannuated from the bold and courageous thoughts of youth and fervent years. But the contempt of death from corporal animosity promoteth not our felicity. They may sit in the Orchestra and noblest seats of Heaven who have held up shaking hands in the fire, and humanly contended for glory." *Hydriotaphia*, 17.

In purple and in scarlet clad, behold
The Harlot sits, adorned with gems and gold. P. 140.

The homely but scriptural appellation by which our fathers were wont to designate the Church of Rome has been delicately softened down by later writers. I have seen her somewhere called the Scarlet Woman, . .and Helen Maria Williams names her *the Dissolute* of Babylon.

Let me here offer a suggestion in defence of Voltaire. Is it not probable, or rather can any person doubt, that the *ecrasez l'infame*, upon which so horrible a charge against him has been raised, refers to the Church of Rome, under this well-known designation? No man can hold the principles of Voltaire in stronger abhorrence than I do, . . but it is an act of justice to exculpate him from this monstrous accusation.

For till the sons their fathers' crimes repent,
The old error brings its direful punishment. P. 145.

"Political chimeras," says Count Stolberg, "are innumerable; but the most chimerical of all is the project of imagining that a people deeply sunk in degeneracy are capable of recovering the ancient grandeur of freedom. Who tosses the bird into the air after his wings are clipped? So far from restoring it to the power of flight, it will but disable it more." TRAVELS, 3, 139.

The lark
Poured forth her lyric strain. P. 152.

The epithet *lyric*, as applied to the lark, is borrowed from one of Donne's poems. I mention this more particularly for the purpose of repairing an accidental omission in the notes to Roderick;.. it is the duty of every poet to acknowledge all his obligations of this kind to his predecessors.

Public crimes
Draw on their proper punishment below. P. 167.

I will insert here a passage from one of Lord Brooke's poems. Few writers have ever given proofs of profounder thought than this friend of Sir Philip Sidney. Had his powers of language been

equal to his strength of intellect, I scarcely know the author whom he would not have surpassed.

XXI.

Some love no equals, some superiors scorn,
One seeks more worlds, and this will Helen have;
This covets gold, with divers faces borne,
These humours reign, and lead men to their grave;
Whereby for bayes and little wages, we
Ruin ourselves to raise up tyranny.

XXII.

And as when winds among themselves do jar,
Seas there are tost, and wave with wave must fight;
So when power's restless humours bring forth War,
There people bear the faults and wounds of Might;
The error and diseases of the head
Descending still until the limbs be dead.

XXIII.

Yet are not people's errors ever free
From guilt of wounds they suffer by the war;
Never did any public misery
Rise of itself: God's plagues still grounded are
On common stains of our humanity;
And to the flame which ruineth mankind
Man gives the matter, or at least gives wind.

A Treatie of Warres.

The extract which follows, from the same author, bears as directly upon the effects of the military system as if it had been written with a reference to Buonaparte's government. The thoughtful reader will perceive its intrinsic value, through its difficult language and uncouth versification : . . the fool and the coxcomb may scoff if they like.

LIX.

Let us then thus conclude, that only they
  Whose end in this world is the world to come,
Whose hearts' desire is that their desires may
  Measure themselves by Truth's eternal doom,
Can in the *War* find nothing that they prize,
Who in the world would not be great or wise.

LX.

With these, I say, War, Conquest, Honour, Fame,
  Stand (as the world) neglected or forsaken,
Like Error's cobwebs, in whose curious frame
  She only joys and mourns, takes and is taken;
In which these dying, that to God live thus,
Endure our conquests, would not conquer us.

LXI.

Where all states else that stand on power, not grace,
  And gage desire by no such spiritual measure,
Make it their end to reign in every place,
  To war for honour, for revenge and pleasure;

Thinking the strong should keep the weak in awe,
And every inequality give law.

LXII.

These serve the world to rule her by her arts,
Raise mortal trophies upon mortal passion;
Their wealth, strength, glory, growing from those hearts
Which to their ends they ruin and disfashion;
The more remote from God the less remorse;
Which still gives Honour power, Occasion force.

LXIII.

These make the Sword their judge of wrong and right,
Their story Fame, their laws but Power and Wit;
Their endless mine all vanities of Might,
Rewards and Pains the mystery of it;
And in this sphere, this wilderness of evils,
None prosper highly but the perfect Devils.

A TREATIE OF WARRES.

They had the light, and from the light they turned. **P.169.**

" Let no ignorance," says Lord Brooke, " seem to excuse mankind; since the light of truth is still near us, the tempter and accuser at such continual war within us, the laws that guide so good for them that obey, and the first shape of every sin so ugly, as whosoever does but what he knows, or forbears

what he doubts, shall easily follow nature unto grace."

"God left not the world without information from the beginning; so that wherever we find ignorance, it must be charged to the account of man, as having rejected, and not to that of his Maker, as having denied, the necessary means of instruction."

HORNE's *Considerations on the Life of St. John the Baptist.*

Napoleon. P. 169.

It is amusing to look back upon the flattery which was offered to Buonaparte. Some poems of Mme. Fanny de Beauharnois exhibit rich specimens of this kind: she praises him for

la douce humanité
Qui le dévore de sa flamme.

Of the battle of Austerlitz she says,

Dans ce jour mémorable on dut finir la guerre,
Et que nommeront maints auteurs
La Trinité des Empereurs,
Vous seul en êtes le mystère.

Subsequent events give to some of these adulatory strains an interest which they would else have wanted.

Napoleon, objet de nos hommages,
Et Josephine, objet non moins aimé,
Couple que l'Eternel l'un pour l'autre a formé,
Vous êtes ses plus beaux ouvrages.

In some stanzas called *Les Trois Bateaux*, upon the vessels in which Alexander and Buonaparte held their conferences before the Peace of Tilsit, the following prophecy is introduced, with a felicity worthy of the Edinburgh Review:

Tremble, tremble, fière Albion!
Guidé par d'heureuses étoiles,
Ces généreux bateaux, exempts d'ambition,
Vont triompher par-tout de tes cent mille voiles.

The *Grand Napoleon* is the

Enfan cheri de Mars et d'Apollon,
Qu'aucun revers ne peut abattre.

Here follows part of an Arabic poem by Michael Sabbag, addressed to Buonaparte on his marriage with Marie Louise; and printed with translations in French prose and German verse, in the first volume of the *Fundgruben des Orients.*

"August Prince, whom Heaven has given us for Sovereign, and who holdest among the greatest monarchs of thy age the same rank which the diadem holds upon the head of Kings,

"Thou hast reached the summit of happiness, and by thine invincible courage hast attained a glory which the mind of man can scarcely comprehend;

"Thou hast imprinted upon the front of time the remembrance of thine innumerable exploits in characters of light, one of which alone suffices with its brilliant rays to enlighten the whole universe.

"Who can resist him who is never abandoned by the assistance of Heaven, who has Victory for his guide, and whose course is directed by God himself?

"In every age Fortune produces a hero who is the pearl of his time; amidst all these extraordinary men thou shinest like an inestimable diamond in a necklace of precious stones.

"The least of thy subjects, in whatever country he may be, is the object of universal homage, and enjoys thy glory, the splendour of which is reflected upon him.

"All virtues are united in thee, but the justice which regulates all thy actions would alone suffice to immortalize thy name.

* * * * * * *

"Perhaps the English will now understand at last that it is folly to oppose themselves to the wisdom of thy designs, and to strive against thy fortune."

A figure of Liberty, which during the days of Jacobinism was erected at Aix in Provence, was demolished during the night about the time when Buonaparte assumed the empire. Among the squibs to which this gave occasion, was the following question and answer between Pasquin and Marforio. Pasquin enquires, *Mais qu'est ce qui est devenu donc de la Liberté?*.. Heyday, what is become of Liberty then?.. To which Marforio replies, *Bête! elle est morte en s'accouchant d'un Empereur*... Blockhead! she is dead in bringing forth an Emperor."

MISS PLUMPTRE'S *Narrative*, 2, 382.

Well may the lines of Pindar respecting Tantalus be applied to Buonaparte.

Εἰ δὲ δή τιν' ἄν-
δρα θνατὸν Ὀλύμπου σκοποὶ ἐτίμα-
σαν, ἦν Τάνταλος οὗτος. Ἀλλὰ γὰρ κατα-
πέψαι μέγαν ὄλβον οὐκ ἐδυ-
νάσθη· κόρῳ δ' ἕλεν
Ἄταν ὑπέροπλον. PINDAR, OL. 1.

Nam se deve accusar a Fortuna de cega, mas sô aos que della se deixam cegar. It is not Fortune, says D. Luiz da Cunha, who ought to be accused of blindness,.. but they who let themselves be blinded by her.

MEMORIAS DESDE 1659 *athé* 1706. MSS.

Lieutenant Bowerbank, in his Journal of what passed on board the Bellerophon, has applied a passage from Horace to the same effect, with humourous felicity.

I, BONE, *quo virtus tua te vocat,*
Grandia laturus meritorum præmia.
EPIST. 2, *Lib.* 2, *v.* 37.

One bead more in this string of quotations: *Un Roi philosophe*, says the Comte de Puissaye, speaking of Frederic of Prussia, *dans le sens de nos jours, est selon moi le plus terrible fléau que le ciel puisse envoyer aux habitans de la terre. Mais l'idée d'un Roi philosophe et despote, est un injure au sens commun, un outrage à la raison.* MEMOIRES, *Tome* 3, 125.

I must not conclude this volume without expressing my obligations to one of my fellow travellers for seven of the views which illustrate it; and to Mr. Charles Bell for the eighth. The fidelity of these representations will be recognized by all who have seen the ground. My acknowledgements are also due to the Engraver, Mr. Cooke, for the very satisfactory manner in which he has executed his part.

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67, Chancery Lane.